

HAWTHORNE CLASSICS

SHAKESPEAREAN COMEDIES



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THE HAWTHORNE CLASSICS

SHAKESPEAREAN COMEDIES

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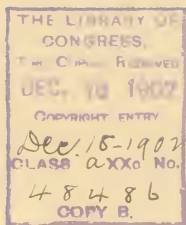
EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR., PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND LOGIC IN UNION COLLEGE



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INTRODUCTION

THE three plays in this volume are representative Shakespearean comedies. They are distinctly his; no one else could have written them. Further, they give us quite fully the quality of comedy that we think of instinctively as Shakespeare's.

They do not represent every side of Shakespeare's genius as it is displayed in comedy. "The Comedy of Errors," for instance, is characterized by an element of broad farce in action, which we do not find in these plays. "Measure for Measure" has a bitter, satiric quality which we do not find at all. But these qualities are not particularly Shakespearean; Shakespeare had powers in those directions, but they were not his greatest powers. Whereas the curious mingling of imagination and fancy into romantic and ideal forms, molded with wit and humor, keen insight and ripe wisdom, is something we do not find in other dramatists, either of Shakespeare's time or of any other. The older comedy of the Greeks was broad burlesque, used for the purposes of political and social satire. The later comedy, which we know chiefly by the comedy of the

Romans, was a picture of manners with a strong satirical flavoring. It is this latter form of comedy which has set the fashion to the world. Molière gives us the quality in its purest form in modern literature, but our own literature is by no means lacking in fine examples. Not to mention the Restoration comedy, which has fallen into oblivion, we may find in the plays of Sheridan and Goldsmith the same general quality of fine and keen social satire and quick and sure pictures of manners. Such comedies any one may see upon the stage to-day in any country of Europe or here at home. It is true that the popular taste at the present moment prefers more farcical comedy or more emotional melodrama, but examples of pure comedy are not wanting among the plays which have been most successful on our contemporary stage.

Shakespeare's comedy is not, however, the comedy of manners. Read any of the plays in this book and then read Sheridan's "Rivals" and you will perceive an immense difference. And this is not because Sheridan wrote about the men and women, the society of his own day; for although Shakespeare did not always write about the society of his own day, he generally wrote as if he did. His characters, whether Greek, French, or Italian, all speak just as he would make an Englishman speak, save for minor differences. Shakespeare's people are of his own time as much as they were

of any time: we must remember that they appeared before the audience in just such costumes as the audience itself wore,¹ just as they spoke of things with which the audience was familiar, like hawthorn buds and primroses (I., i., 185, 215), clocks (V., i., 368) and casements (III., i., 58), dukes (I., i., 20) and heraldry (III., ii., 211).

But though Shakespeare does not shun the mention of what were to him everyday things, he does not in the least have an everyday atmosphere. The characteristic which makes his comedies as a whole different from the comedies of the present day is their ideal atmosphere. Not present in every one of the comedies, it is clearly noticeable in those in our volume. The fairy fantasy of a midsummer night, the careless fleeting of life in the Forest of Arden, the surprising adventures upon the enchanted isle,—these are ideal and fanciful circumstances, and are enough to give a distinctly idealistic quality. It gives indeed a distinct character to the plays, in which we readily surrender ourselves to the desires of the dramatist.

What are those desires? What is the purpose of comedy?

The tragedies of Shakespeare depict, as a rule, some strong and powerful man, whose strength

¹ In "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" we read of coats (II., ii., 5), sleeves, and hats (III., ii., 30) and ribboned pumps (IV., ii., 34) just as in "Julius Cæsar" we read of hats, cloaks, and doublets.

and power is yet incomplete, and indeed flawed in such a manner that he cannot control successfully the facts of life, as weaker men sometimes can by knowing what those facts are and what is due to them. Thus Romeo, Brutus, Hamlet, are each strong in the power to love, to do right, to think. But neither is perfect. Romeo is hasty, Brutus overconfident, Hamlet a dreamer. Such men cannot succeed. Yet we love them, and their failure is a tragedy, for we do not clearly understand why, in this world, so much good should go to wreck, why it should not prevail, or rather why so much strength should be mingled with weakness. Such are Shakespeare's tragedies. His histories are simpler in spirit. The history or chronicle play was a favorite dramatic form of the time. Shakespeare was interested in it. A phase of national life strikes him, and he puts together characteristic scenes and passages, and we have a historical play which presents to us a conception of the stirring and striking days of old, of John, of Henry IV., of Henry VIII.

Now what is the spirit of his comedies? As a rule some two or three characters, who arouse our sympathy, become involved in some difficulty and then are extricated from their troubles, after a sobering experience which leaves them wiser and truer men and women than before. Both of these matters are important. Shakespeare was not a moralist, but he had a large, sane, healthy idea of

the way things go in this world and of how far people generally ally themselves to the side of facts, and he commonly presents to us the people who kick against the pricks as getting the worst of it and mending their ways, or, if they have kicked too hard and too long, coming to grief. He could hardly present any phase of life without giving some sort of idea of this kind, for he held it so firmly that it came out in all manner of ways. It was not his especial purpose to present it, however, but merely a natural way he had of expressing himself. He was probably more interested in the amusement of raveling and unraveling the plot.

Still, in each play we do have the hasty, the flighty, the wrong-headed, put through various trials, to come, only at the end, to a happy condition. In "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" the hot-headed young lovers, all bent on reaching swiftly the end of passion, are led through a maze of difficulty. It is true that they are led about by fancy, but that is not significant in itself; Shakespeare wanted to show the course of hot-headed love. In "Romeo and Juliet" he used the everyday means of his story and wrought out a tragedy. In "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" he used the fanciful conception which is at the bottom of the play and made a romantic comedy. In "As You Like It" we have a far less definite conception; less systematically worked out than

is the case with the earlier comedy, less implicit in the whole thought than in the later. The play is a pleasant extravaganza on popular romance. Every one goes a-romancing in the forest, for one reason or another, but every one comes home again (except Jaques) as soon as he gets a chance. In "The Tempest" we see even more clearly an idea, in this case that of the necessity of service. Antonio strives to raise himself to an unmerited mastership, but Ferdinand is willing to undergo unmerited servitude. Caliban, grumbling and growling over his work, remains a slave, while Ariel, who renders glad and willing service, is freed. Throughout each play we have the sane, wise standpoint of the man who knows the world. The particular interests are often theatrical, but Shakespeare did even technical things in such a way as to satisfy his feeling of what ought to be.

As he grew older, it is probable that this moral turn grew stronger. And this brings up another point of interest in the study of Shakespeare which is well illustrated by these plays; namely, the growth and development of his genius. These three plays were written, one early in his career, one at about the middle, and one at the end. It is hardly possible to read "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" and "The Tempest" and not see that one is the work of a young man and the other of a man much more mature. Scholars have pointed out the various particular ways by which Shake-

sppeare's earlier style differed from his later. It may not be easy for every one to appreciate the minor points of verse and expression which are thought to be characteristic of earlier and later work, but we can all appreciate the atmosphere of fancy in the earlier play and of thought in the later one. "As You Like It" stands between; it is one of that delightful group of comedies written when Shakespeare's youthful powers of imagination and fancy were beginning to be enriched by the wisdom and sagacity which came to him from experience of life.¹ The change is marked by differences in style not very hard to note in a general way: the earlier plays, for instance, have much more rhyme than the later, while the later have a much more developed kind of blank verse than the earlier. Nor is the change always for the best, so far as style is concerned. In the later plays the idea is so much more important than the expression that we often find obscurity or lack of connection, as in the passages cited in the note on p. 214. And while this difference in treatment is noticeable, the student should notice also the increase in power of character. The characters in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" are but sketches after all; how faint they

¹ The student will find in Dowden's "Shakespeare Primer" a most interesting statement of the development of Shakespeare's mind and disposition, and a treatment more at large in the same author's "Shakespeare: His Mind and Art."

are compared with the highly finished pictures of "As You Like It." And even "As You Like It" is less studied than "The Tempest," in which every figure, even to the minor ones, represents quite clearly some shade of idea or character.

Suggestions for Study

The student of Shakespeare, and indeed the teacher too, is often puzzled, in trying to settle on a line of Shakespearean study, by the great number of matters which he finds in the editions even of single plays. Undoubtedly the number of things that one may study under the name of "studying Shakespeare" is very great; and many of them do really give a richer and fuller, if not a keener, appreciation of Shakespeare's plays.

Some of them, however, are matters more particularly for the special Shakespearean scholar. Such, for instance, are those questions connected with the date of any play, and with the sources of its plot, and with its text. The date of a play is a matter of interest, for, as has been said, Shakespeare's early work (like "A Midsummer-Night's Dream") is different in many respects from his later work (like "The Tempest"), and we certainly want to know which is early and which late, so as rightly to appreciate each. The sources of a play are important too, for only by knowing what things Shakespeare took from others can we

really get at just that which he created himself. Thus the main lines of the story of "As You Like It" are to be found in a novel called "Rosalind" by Thomas Lodge, but the banished Duke, Jaques, Touchstone, the pastoral love-making, were all added by Shakespeare. The text is a matter of importance, for it may sometimes be an incorrect text that gives us such passages, as have just been mentioned, in the note on p. 214. But these are, on the whole, matters for the specialist. The date of any play is often to be determined only by nice weighing of literary and historical evidence; the sources are almost always to be sought in literature quite unfamiliar to most people; the principles of text criticism are not very definitely settled, and can, as a rule, be applied only on a basis of wide reading. So those of us who cannot give careful and close study to Shakespeare, but who wish chiefly to enjoy his plays as thoroughly as possible, will do well to leave such matters to the scholars and to use intelligently the results which they have attained, often by severe labor. It is not very hard to get at such results; almost any fully annotated edition will give us the main facts.

There are also a number of matters of interest in the study of any separate play. Thus if we had some particular play in hand, we should want to get a good idea of the particular development of the dramatic action, the plot as it is called.

We should be interested in seeing how the story develops, how different lines of action are brought together, how matters are carried to a crisis and then to a right ending. Or we might study the particular characters, ask ourselves what sort of men and women they were, and how their characteristics were brought out and expressed, contrast them with each other, try and see what special significance each had in Shakespeare's mind. Or there are always particular matters connected with particular plays: with "*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*" the fairy world is something we may study in some little detail, trying to get a good conception of Shakespeare's notion of such affairs in other plays as well as this; with "*The Tempest*" there are a number of "interpretations," as they are called, or statements of the idea or meaning of the play. These matters come rather with a study of separate plays, and do not belong so naturally to the reading of several plays together.

But there are more general matters, matters not of special scholarship, but such as anybody will want to notice, which are connected not more with one play than with many. Some of them have been mentioned earlier in the introduction, for instance, the general spirit of Shakespearean comedy; that is a thing that we want to appreciate to the full; we want to get it as it is differently present in all the great comedies, whether

written in Shakespeare's early life or later toward the end.

Some of these matters are rather technical. Many think it a pity to trouble students with what are called technical matters, such as questions of language or of meter. It certainly is a pity to trouble students at all when they are reading Shakespeare. But if we are going to study Shakespeare instead of merely reading him freely, we must do some things that at first will be troublesome, at least to those who dislike study. The point of importance is to be able to study such matters in an untroubled way, to such a degree as is necessary, without being carried so far as to be absorbed in them to the loss of enjoyment of the plays themselves.

The language of Shakespeare is such as in the main can be readily understood by any one. But everybody who looks at Shakespeare, even for the first time, will recognize that Shakespeare's language is not exactly the language of every day. It is true that Shakespeare is so constantly read by English-speaking people that his influence upon the language has been very great, so that sometimes he does not seem nearly as old as would Ben Jonson, for instance, who lived and wrote in Shakespeare's lifetime and after his death. Still, in spite of a general familiarity, Shakespearean language has some things about it that we must at least notice in order to understand them. First

to be noticed is the fact that the words that he uses have in many cases changed in pronunciation or meaning in the course of three centuries. When we begin to study Shakespeare we should look to these things and they will soon become familiar enough for us to read with enjoyment. Thus the word *revenue* (M. N. D., I., i., 6 and 158) had in Shakespeare's day been not very long borrowed from the French, and its pronunciation was not definitely settled. Sometimes it was pronounced with an accent, more like the French, on the second syllable, sometimes as we pronounce it to-day. Other such cases will be found: for instance, *contract* in Temp. IV., i., 84 and II., i., 153. And although it is not common to find different pronunciations in the same play, yet pronunciations different from the usage of to-day are not infrequent: *perse' ver*, M. N. D., III., ii., 237; *exile'*, A. Y. L. I., II., i., 1; *contents'*, A. Y. L. I., IV., iii., 8; *aspect'*, A. Y. L. I., IV., iii., 53. Yet in other plays often Shakespeare uses the pronunciation of to-day, showing a very variable usage.

More important, however, than the pronunciation is the meaning of words. Here there is a fine chance for too much study; let us surely avoid that; one can do so much better things with Shakespeare than use him as a master for Elizabethan grammar. But there are some things about which one must keep an open eye. Obsolete or archaic words do not offer much difficulty;

they catch our attention, for they look strange, and perhaps we cannot guess at their meaning. Thus *kibe*, Temp., II., i., 267, is an obsolete word. We do not hear it to-day; very likely we do not know what it means. We should of course find out, but no special directions need be given for finding out. The best thing is to remember some other passage in which the word occurs, *e.g.* Hamlet, V., i., 153. If one does not remember another use, there is Bartlett's "Concordance," or Clarke's, which give us all the phrases in which almost any word is used. Here we can easily find another passage, if there be one, and by comparing come to an idea of the meaning. If this is not sufficient, one can use Schmidt's "Shakespeare Lexicon," where all the general and particular Shakespearean uses will be found. And if neither of these authorities are at hand, any good dictionary will as a rule give us the correct meaning, and often with quotation of the very passage we are considering. There are a number of such words in every Shakespearean play. The annotated editions, as a rule, give their meanings. But it is better to look up the meanings for oneself; it seems to be the case that one holds that which one gets with a little trouble better than the things that are thrust into one's way.

Rather more difficult as an object of study are those words which are still used to-day, but in a sense different from that of the play. Thus when

Prospero tells Ariel (*Temp.*, IV., i., 193) to hang the glistering apparel "upon the line," I fear that most of us will at first think of some sort of clothes-line. But we see in a minute that this was probably not Shakespeare's idea (it would have been incongruously prosaic certainly). for in V., i., 10, Ariel speaks of "the line-grove that weather-fends your cell," and we see that it was no clothes-line but a linden tree on which the clothes were hanging. If you look up *brave*, *Temp.*, I., ii., 6, 206; *control*, I., ii., 434; *corollary*, IV., i., 57, you will see that they meant something rather different from what they bring to mind to-day. So in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" *poor fancy's followers*, I., i., 155, does not to-day carry its meaning on its face. But look at the note on that line and on II., i., 156. Other examples will be found in *abridgment*, V., i., 39; *admirable*, V., i., 27; *cheer*, III., ii., 96; *crab*, II., i., 48. So also *taxation*, A. Y. L. I., I., ii., 88; *humorous*, I., ii., 274 and *humor*, III., ii., 424. The words are common enough, but their meaning in Shakespeare is different from that which we are used to.

We should try to understand Shakespeare's words as he understood them himself. The task is often difficult, but when we have tried our hand at it, it becomes easier; we begin to remember special usages and meanings and expressions, and soon we are able to read with an appreciation of these differences from current usage, but with-

out noticing them consciously, as one gets to read a foreign language without translating it.

Besides these matters which concern individual words there are others which concern syntax. These are of something the same kind as the cases which have just been mentioned. Some constructions look strange to us, — those we should notice and look up in Abbott's "Shakespearean Grammar" or Franz's "Shakespere Grammatik." Much less frequent than the words which remain in the language with changed meaning are constructions still familiar, of which the significance has changed. Thus in Oberon's speech (M. N. D., II., i., 149-152): —

"A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,"

the construction in italics is archaic now except in another sense. Here it means "as if it were about to." Still although such cases are not very common, we must be ready to note them when they come.

These considerations are purely linguistic; there are others which are literary. We want to become familiar with the characteristics of Shakespeare's language. And first we must bear in mind that all the dramatists of Elizabeth's day used language habitually in ways not very cus-

tomary with us. For one thing they were far more apt than writers of our own day to be elaborate and elevated in style; oratorical we might say, or sometimes even bombastic. Such language was more or less demanded in a theater which had very little of the illusion and spectacular character that we are used to. The people came to listen as well as to see, and they rather expected high-sounding language. Shakespeare ridicules the extravagances in *M. N. D.*, I., ii., 33-40, and elsewhere. But he himself is often lofty and in *Ercles'* veins, more in tragedy it is true than in comedy. In comedy, however, he is often elaborate. Note the poetical passages in *M. N. D.*, II., i., 81-117; II., i., 241-251; the moralizings in *A. Y. L. I.*, II., 1-18; II., iii., 56-68; Prospero's speeches in *Temp.*, IV., i., 146-163; V., i., 33-57, as well as the narratives *M. N. D.*, II., i., 147-166; *A. Y. L. I.*, IV., iii., 99-121. All this is pitched in a key, as we may say, more elevated than prose or even common blank verse; we should notice it and accustom ourselves to its tone and appreciate its richness of poetry and rhetoric. Another habit of speech more common in Shakespeare's day than ours was that of figured speech as we may call it, — the use of figures more often than is now usual and the pushing of them to a greater extent. This is more common in Shakespeare's early plays than in the later ones; look at the very beginning of "*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*" and note the

frequent figure. Hardly a speech but has a simile or a more or less elaborate metaphor. If we want to see the way such matters crept into conversation, we may turn to the talk of Jaques and Orlando (*A. Y. L. I.*, III., ii., 290-310), where rather ordinary repartee develops into wit of a figured character.

These things we want to appreciate, and we must further note the pieces of prose and the snatches of song. The songs bubble out variously according to the mood; the prose passages generally come in as a mark of one or another character. Sometimes it is used for humorous or common characters, like Bottom or the handicraftsmen, Touchstone and the country people, Stephano and Trinculo; often for passages that are not especially dramatic in character, but rather explanatory, as the first scene in "*As You Like It*" or of "*The Tempest*." In the second scene of "*As You Like It*" we have first prose and then poetry, though the characters are the same. It may be here that Shakespeare felt the passage rather more emotional after Orlando and Rosalind had seen each other and loved than it had been before.

Such are a few of the more important matters in a study of Shakespeare's language with a view of understanding and appreciating. A word may be added as to the best way of learning and of teaching.

The best means for both purposes is comparison. We have here three plays, a good body of poetry. In them there will be not a few words used once only, rare constructions, special usages. But these will be exceptional; the general rule will be that what you find once you will find again. Obsolete words and words in old meanings, archaic constructions, uses of song or of prose, we shall generally find them more than once if we keep our eyes open. And when found one will explain the other in a manner far better than the dictionary or the grammar alone can supply. Things learned in this way are learned by ourselves and are not readily forgotten. They are learned with interest and retained the longer. One ought, therefore, to try constantly to find not only parallel uses and constructions, but also similar modes of speech and expression. When we have begun to read in this manner we have ceased merely to appropriate the knowledge of some one else, and have begun to study Shakespeare for ourselves.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

EGEUS, father to Hermia.

LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.

DEMETRIUS, }

PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.

QUINCE, a carpenter.

SNUG, a joiner.

BOTTOM, a weaver.

FLUTE, a bellows-mender.

SNOUT, a tinker.

STARVELING, a tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the fairies.

TITANIA, Queen of the fairies.

PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.

PEASEBLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, } fairies.
MOTH, }
MUSTARDSEED, }

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on
Theseus and Hippolyta.

PLACE : *Athens and a wood near it.*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT I

SCENE I.¹ *Athens. The palace of THESEUS*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE,
and Attendants*

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace ; four happy days bring in
Another moon : but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves
in night ;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
10 New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriment ;

¹ The first scene gives a general idea of the subject of the play : the wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta is the occasion, the loves of Hermia and Lysander, Demetrius and Helena, give the chief action ; even the play of the Athenian boors is suggested ; the part about the fairies is not hinted at, — that is to be a surprise.

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth :
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals ;
 The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*

Hippolyta,¹ I wooed thee with my sword,
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries ;
 But I will wed thee in another key.
 With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS

20 *Ege.* Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke !²

The. Thanks, good Egeus : what's the news
 with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
 Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her.
 Stand forth, Lysander ; and, my gracious duke,
 This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child ;³
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
 And interchanged love-tokens with my child :
 30 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung

¹ Hippolyta was queen of the Amazons, who had been conquered in battle, said tradition, by Theseus.

² The title "duke" is of course inappropriate, an anachronism. But it was a common title in the Middle Ages even for heroes of antiquity, and Shakespeare is merely adopting the current term in the literature which gave him his idea. So Chaucer in the "Knight's Tale," which Shakespeare had doubtless read.

³ Compare the means by which Othello won Desdemona. *Othello*, I., iii., 128-170.

With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth :
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,
Turned her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness : and, my gracious duke,
Be't so she will not here before your grace
40 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her :
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair
maid :

To you your father should be as a god ;
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
50 By him imprinted and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is ;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father looked but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
60 Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts ;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires ;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
70 You can endure the livery of a nun.¹
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
80 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

¹ There were no nuns in Athens at this time any more than dukes, nor indeed in England in Shakespeare's time. But here, as with the title of duke for Theseus, Shakespeare merely has in mind the current condition of things for centuries before his day. As in *Julius Cæsar*, he did not aim at any real production of antiquity.

The. Take time to pause ; and by the next new moon —

The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship —
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
Or on Diana's altar to protest
90 For aye austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia : and, Lysander,
yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius ;
Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander ! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
100 As well possessed ; my love is more than his ;
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia :
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
110 Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
 And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
 But, being over-full of self-affairs,
 My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
 And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
 I have some private schooling for you both.
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will;
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up —

120 Which by no means we may extenuate —
 To death, or to a vow of single life.
 Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
 Demetrius and Egeus go along:
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt all but* LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.]

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek
 so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

130 *Her.* Belike for want of rain, which I could well
 Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth;
 But, either it was different in blood, —

Her. O cross! too high to be enthralled to low.¹

¹ For another rapid dialogue like this, see ll. 194-201 of this scene.

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years, —

Her. O spite ! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends, —

140 *Her.* O hell ! to choose love by another's eyes.

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say " Behold ! "
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

150 *Her.* If then true lovers have been ever crossed,
It stands as an edict in destiny :
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's¹ followers.

Lys. A good persuasion : therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue,² and she hath no child :
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues ;
160 And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee ;

¹ love: cf. fancy-free, II., i., 156.

² In this word, as often in Shakespeare, the accent sometimes differs from that of our own day. Cf. I., i., 6.

And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
170 By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burned the Carthage
queen,¹

When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes
Helena.

Enter HELENA

180 *Her.* God speed fair Helena! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet
air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds ap-
pear.

¹ Dido.

Sickness is catching : O, were favor so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go ;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your
eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
melody.

190 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my
smiles such skill !

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection
move !

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows
me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

200 *Her.* His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty : would that fault
were mine !

Her. Take comfort : he no more shall see my
face ;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seemed Athens as a paradise to me :

O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turned a heaven unto a hell !

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold :

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
210 Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet :
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
220 Farewell, sweet playfellow ; pray thou for us ;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius !
Keep word, Lysander : we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit* HERM.]

Helena, adieu :

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you ! [*Exit.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be !
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;
He will not know what all but he do know :
230 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities :
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity :
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind :
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste ;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste :

And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
 240 As waggish boys in games themselves forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjured everywhere :
 For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine ;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :
 Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
 Pursue her ; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense :
 250 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Athens.* QUINCE'S house

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
 and STARVELING¹

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man
 by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name,
 which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play

¹ The appearance of these hard-handed Athenians brings in a comic element. The idea of the Masque was that the beautiful and the grotesque or the comic should each gain by combination. Shakespeare uses the same idea, contrasting these artisans with the fairies who appear later. He adds also a burlesque on the comic actor: it may be that he had suffered at his hands. Cf. *Hamlet*, III., ii., 42-50; II., ii., 336.

in our interlude¹ before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors,
10 and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

20 *Bot.* Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant
for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in
30 some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humor is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

¹ As appears later this was but one of a number of interludes prepared for the occasion.

The raging rocks
 And shivering shocks
 Shall break the locks
 Of prison gates ;
 And Phibbus' car
 Shall shine from far
 And make and mar
 The foolish Fates.

40

This was lofty ! Now name the rest of the players.
 This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein ; a lover is
 more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.¹

Flu. What is Thisby ? a wandering knight ?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman ; I
 50 have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one : you shall play it in a
 mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play
 Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice,
 "Thisne, Thisne" ; "Ah Pyramus, my lover dear !
 thy Thisby dear, and lady dear !"

Quin. No, no ; you must play Pyramus : and,
 Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

60 *Quin.* Robin Starveling, the tailor.

¹ All the women's parts on the Elizabethan stage were played
 by boys.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robert Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

70 *Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

80 *Bot.* I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs
90 play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-color beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.
 100 *But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties,¹ such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.*

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse
 110 most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ The various things necessary for stage use.

ACT II

SCENE I. *A wood near Athens*¹

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy and PUCK

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;²

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green.

10 The cowslips tall her pensioners be :

In their gold coats spots you see ;

Those be rubies, fairy favors,

In those freckles live their savors :

I must go seek some dewdrops here

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.³

¹ In this scene we have a new element brought in and one which turns everything topsy-turvy, not sparing itself. In the fairy poetry we have some of Shakespeare's most charming fancies.

² It was the old idea that the world was surrounded by ten transparent spheres, each bearing with it the sun, the moon, or some planet, or all the fixed stars. As these spheres revolved in perfect harmony a divine music sounded, which was known as "the music of the spheres."

³ Here we have the first true fairy poetry, an example often followed (by Shakespeare himself, for instance in *The Tempest*), but never with the exquisite charm of the original.

Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here
to-night:

Take heed the queen come not within his sight;

20 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she as her attendant hath

A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling;

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;

But she perforce withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her
joy:

And now they never meet in grove or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,

30 But they do square,¹ that all their elves for fear

Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making
quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite

Called Robin Goodfellow²: are not you he

That frights the maidens of the villagery;

Skim milk and sometimes labor in the quern

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;

¹ jar or quarrel.

² Robin Goodfellow was a loutish country elf of tradition who hung about the farmhouses. He might be conciliated to help about the house (in the dead of night), but if he were angry he would do various mischievous tricks.

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
40 Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright:
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
50 And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her, then down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he
were gone!

*Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from
the other TITANIA with hers*

60 *Obe.* Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip
hence:

I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton : am not I thy lord ?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady : but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin¹ sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steppe of India?

70 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskined mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Aegle break his faith,
80 With Ariadne and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy :
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea

¹ Corin and Phillida were traditional names for the shepherd and shepherdess of the conventional pastoral.

- 90 Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land
Hath every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents¹ :
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The plowman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard ;
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fattened with the murrion flock ;
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
100 For lack of tread are undistinguishable :
The human mortals want their winter here.
No night is now with hymn or carol blest ;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound :
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
110 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set : the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which :
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension ;
We are their parents and original.
- Obe.* Do you amend it then : it lies in you :

¹ the banks which contain them.

Why should Titania cross her Oberon?

120 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest:

The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossiped by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

130 *Obe.* How long within this wood intend you
stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-
day.

If you will patiently dance in our round
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit TITANIA with her train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from
this grove

Till I torment thee for this injury.

140 My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath

That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst
not,

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed : a certain aim he took
150 At a fair vestal throned by the west,¹
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.²
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
160 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I showed thee once :
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

¹ Namely, Elizabeth. The whole speech is a splendid compliment to the Queen.

² Cf. I., i., 155, note.

Obe. Having once this juice,

I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,

170 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.

The next thing then she waking looks upon,

Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,

On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,

She shall pursue it with the soul of love :

And ere I take this charm from off her sight,

As I can take it with another herb,

I'll make her render up her page to me.

But who comes here? I am invisible ;

And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him

180 *Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia ?

The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.

Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood ;

And here am I, and wode¹ within this wood,

Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant² ;

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart

Is true as steel : leave you your power to draw,

190 And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth

Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

¹ mad, crazy : the word is now obsolete.

² or lodestone, as was then imagined.

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel : and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you :
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me ; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

200 *What worser place can I beg in your love, —
And yet a place of high respect with me, —
Than to be used as you use your dog?*

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my
spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not ;
To trust the opportunity of night
210 And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that ;
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night ;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world :
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me.

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the
brakes,
220 And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Run when you will, the story shall be changed :
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase ;¹
The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger ; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valor flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions ; let me go :
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

230 *Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius !
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex :
We cannot fight for love, as men may do ;
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.

[*Exit* DEM.]

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exit.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph : ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

Re-ënter PUCK

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

240 *Puck.* Aye, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine :

¹ According to the story, Daphne was turned into the laurel in her flight from Apollo.

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enameled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
250 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes:
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:
260 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do
so. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood*

Enter TITANIA, with her train

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep
back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

The Fairies sing

You spotted snakes with double tongue,

10 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;

Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,

 Come not near our fairy queen.

 Philomel, with melody

 Sing in our sweet lullaby ;

Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby :

 Never harm,

 Nor spell nor charm,

 Come our lovely lady nigh ;

 So, good night, with lullaby.

20 Weaving spiders, come not here ;

 Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence !

Beetles black, approach not near ;

 Worm nor snail, do no offense.

 Philomel, with melody, &c.

A Fairy. Hence, away ! now all is well :

 One aloof stand sentinel.

 [*Exeunt Fairies.* *TITANIA sleeps.*

Enter OBERON, and squeezes the flower on
 TITANIA'S eyelids

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,

 Do it for thy true love take,

 Love and anguish for his sake :

30 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,

 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,

 In thy eye that shall appear

When thou wakest, it is thy dear :
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[*Erit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in
the wood ;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way :
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander : find you out a bed ;
40 For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us
both ;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my
dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my inno-
cence !
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart we can make of it ;
Two bosoms interchained with an oath ;
50 So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny ;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily :
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
 Lie further off ; in human modesty,
 Such separation as may well be said
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
 60 So far be distant ; and, good night, sweet friend :
 Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end !

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I ;
 And then end life when I end loyalty !

Here is my bed : sleep give thee all his rest !

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
 pressed ! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 70 Night and silence. — Who is here ?
 Weeds¹ of Athens he doth wear ;
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid ;
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul ! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe.
 80 When thou wakest, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid ;
 So awake when I am gone ;
 For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

¹ garments.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [*Exit.*

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

90 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear:

Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?

100 But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will
for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena!¹ Nature shows art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word

Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

¹ The juice of the flower works at once.

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander ; say not so.

What though he love your Hermia ? Lord, what
though ?

110 Yet Hermia still loves you : then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia ! No ; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia but Helena I love :

Who will not change a raven for a dove ?

The will of man is by his reason swayed ;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season :

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;

And touching now the point of human skill,

120 Reason becomes the marshal to my will

And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook

Love stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
born ? ¹

When at your hands did I deserve this scorn ?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency ?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,

130 In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well : perforce I must confess

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady, of one man refused,

Should of another therefore be abused ! [Exit.

¹ She cannot believe in such a sudden change.

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there :

And never mayst thou come Lysander near !

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,

Or as the heresies that men do leave

140 Are hated most of those they did deceive,

So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,

Of all be hated, but the most of me !

And, all my powers, address you love and might

To honor Helen and to be her knight ! *[Exit.*

Her. *[Awaking]* Help me, Lysander, help me !
do thy best

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast !

Ah me, for pity ! what a dream was here !

Lysander, look how I do quake with fear :

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,

150 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.

Lysander ! what, removed ? Lysander ! lord !

What, out of hearing ? gone ? no sound, no word ?

Alack, where are you ? speak, an if you hear ;

Speak, of all loves ! I swoon almost with fear.

No ? then I well perceive you are not nigh :

Either death or you I'll find immediately. *[Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *The wood.* 'TITANIA *lying asleep*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
and STARVELING

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house¹; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince, —

Quin. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue²; and let the pro-

¹ or attiring house. The Elizabethan theater was a circular building open to the sky, with rows of seats almost all around the walls. In the middle was the stage and at one end a house which served as a back scene and also as a place for the actors to dress in.

² A speech delivered by an actor before the play began. There is a prologue to *Romeo and Juliet* and one in the player's play in *Hamlet*. There was also a speech at the end of the play called an epilogue. There is one to this play and one to the *Tempest*.

logue seem to say, we will do no harm with our
20 swords and that Pyramus is not killed indeed;
and for the more better assurance, tell them that
I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the
weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue;
and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written
in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the
lion?

30 *Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in — God shield us! — a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck:
40 and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, — 'Ladies,' — or 'Fair ladies, — I would wish you,' — or 'I would request you,' — or 'I would entreat you, — not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two
50 hard things ; that is, to bring the moonlight into
a chamber,¹ for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby
meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play
our play ?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar ! look in the al-
manac ; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of
the great chamber window, where we play, open,
60 and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay ; or else one must come in with a
bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and says he comes
to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moon-
shine. Then, there is another thing : we must
have a wall in the great chamber ; for Pyramus
and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the
chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What
say you, Bottom ?

70 *Bot.* Some man or other must present Wall :
and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or
some rough-cast about him, to signify wall ; and
let him hold his fingers thus, and through that
cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

¹ We must compare this effort to express everything in some
way or another, with the general lack of scenery and costume of
the Elizabethan stage. Shakespeare seems to mean that it is
absurd to leave absolutely nothing to the imagination.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin : when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake : and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind

80 *Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we swag-
gering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen ?

What, a play toward ! ¹ I'll be an auditor ;

An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*. *Thisby*, stand forth.

Bot. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious savors
sweet, —

Quin. Odorous, odorous.

Bot. — odors savors sweet :

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* dear.

But hark, a voice ! stay thou but here awhile,

90 And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er played
here. [*Exit.*

Flu. Must I speak now ?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you ; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lily-white of
hue,

Of color like the red rose on triumphant
brier,

¹ in preparation.

Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely
Jew,

As true as truest horse that yet would
never tire,

100 I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. "Ninus' tomb," man : why, you must not
speak that yet ; that you answer to Pyramus : you
speak all your part at once ; cues and all. Pyra-
mus, enter : your cue is past ; it is, "never tire."

Flu. O, — As true as truest horse, that yet
would never tire.

Re-ënter PUCK, and BOTTOM *with an ass's head*

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous ! O strange ! we are haunted.
Pray, masters ! fly, masters ! Help !

[*Exeunt* QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE,
SNOUT and STARVELING.

110 *Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a
round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier :

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire ;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and
burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away ? this is a knavery
of them to make me afeard.

Re-ënter SNOUT

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed ! what do I see on thee ?

Bot. What do you see ? you see an ass-head of
120 your own, do you ? [*Exit* SNOUT.]

Re-ënter QUINCE

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery : this is to make an ass of me ; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can : I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
130 The throistle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill, —

Tita. [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?

Bot. [*Sings*]

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay ; —

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird ? who would give a bird the lie, though he
140 cry “cuckoo” never so ?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :

Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little
reason for that : and yet, to say the truth, reason
and love keep little company together nowadays;
the more the pity that some honest neighbors
150 will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek
upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough
to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve
mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go :
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate :
The summer still doth tend upon my state ;
160 And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-
seed !

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and
MUSTARDSEED

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go ?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;

Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes ;

170 Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs.

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed and to arise ;

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes :

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal !

Cob. Hail !

Moth. Hail !

Mus. Hail !

180 *Bot.* I cry your worships mercy, heartily : I
beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,
good Master Cobweb : if I cut my finger, I shall
make bold with you.¹ Your name, honest gentle-
man ?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress
Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your

¹ Bottom takes them all with rather a matter-of-fact sort of country humor.

190 father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well : that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house : I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

200 *Tita.* Come, wait upon him ; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye ;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood*

Enter OBERON

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked ;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK

Here comes my messenger.

How now, mad spirit !

What night-rule now about this haunted grove ?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
10 That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great 'Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene and entered in a brake :
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nolle I fixed on his head :
Anon his 'Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
20 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly ;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus
strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong ;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
30 Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things
catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latched the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finished too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side ;
40 That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS

Obe. Stand close : this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide ; but I should use thee
worse,

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,

Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,

And kill me too.

50 The sun was not so true unto the day

As he to me : would he have stolen away

From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon

This whole earth may be bored and that the moon

May through the center creep and so displease

Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.

It cannot be but thou hast murdered him ;

So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murdered look, and so
should I,

Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:

60 Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,

As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never numbered among men!

O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!

Durst thou have looked upon him being awake,

70 And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.

80 And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here therefore for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight :

90 Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true love turned and not a false turned true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind.

And Helena of Athens look thou find :

All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear :

By some illusion see thou bring her here :

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

100 *Puck.* I go, I go ; look how I go,

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye.

When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.

When thou wakest, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

Re-ënter PUCK

110 *Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand ;

And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
120 And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo
in scorn? ¹

Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

130 These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

¹ Note the metrical form of this speech and the next: it is repeated later in the scene.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her
o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

140 Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

150 But you must join in souls to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*;

And now both rivals, to mock *Helena*:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! none of noble sort

160 Would so offend a virgin and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not so;

For you love Hermia ; this you know I know :
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia ; I will none :
170 If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourned,
And now to Helen is it home returned,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not
know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

Re-ënter HERMIA

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
180 It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth
press to go ?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my
side ?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him
bide,

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee
know,

190 The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoined all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,

200 When we have chid the hasty-footed time

For parting us, — O, is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

Have with our needles created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key,

As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,

Had been incorporate. So we grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,

210 But yet an union in partition;¹

¹ a heraldic term expressing very concisely and neatly, if not elegantly, the comparison with two coats of arms put side by side in one escutcheon, to indicate marriage.

Two lovely berries molded on one stem ;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

220 *Her.* I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not : it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face ?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,

230 And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved ?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by
this.

Hel. Aye, do, persevere,¹ counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back ;

¹ The accent is on the second syllable: cf. *revénue*, I., i., 158.

Wink each at other ; hold the sweet jest up :
240 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well : 'tis partly my own fault ;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse :
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat :

250 Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do :

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,

To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come !

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope !

Her. No, no ; he'll —

Dem. Seem to break loose ! take on as you would follow,

But yet come not ! you are a tame man, go !

260 *Lys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou bur ! vile thing, let loose,

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent !

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?

Sweet love, —

Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill
her dead?

²⁷⁰ Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than
hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am I not Hermia? are you not Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you loved me; yet since night you
left me:

Why, then you left me — O, the gods forbid! —
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

²⁸⁰ Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest

That I do hate thee and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel.

Fine, i' faith !

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness ? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?
Fie, fie ! you counterfeit, you puppet, you !

Her. Puppet ? why so ? ay, that way goes the
game.

290 Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures ; she hath urged her height ;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevailed with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low ?
How low am I, thou painted maypole ? speak ;
How low am I ? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

300 Let her not hurt me : I was never curst ;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness ;
I am a right maid for my cowardice :
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her.

Lower ! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you ;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
310 I told him of your stealth unto this wood.

He followed you ; for love I followed him ;
But he hath chid me hence and threatened me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too :
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further : let me go :
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone : who is't that hinders
you ?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

320 *Her.* What, with Lysander ?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid ; she shall not harm thee,
Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her
part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and
shrewd !

She was a vixen when she went to school ;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. " Little " again ! nothing but " low " and
" little " !

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf ;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made ;

330 You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
On her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone : speak not of Helena ;

Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by
jole. [*Exeunt* LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS.

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you :
340 Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say.
[*Exit.*

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mis-
takest,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
350 And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to
fight:
Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.

360 Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep ;
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
'To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

370 When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy :
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with
haste,

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
380 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
there,
Troop home to churchyards ;¹ damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,

¹ So the ghost of Hamlet's father vanished at cock-crow.

Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They willfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye consort with black-browed night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort :

I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
390 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down :
I am feared in field and town :
Goblin, lead them up and down.

400 Here comes one.

Re-ënter LYSANDER

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? speak
thou now.

Puck. Here, villain ; drawn and ready. Where
art thou ?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.

[*Exit* LYSANDER, *as following the voice.*

Re-ënter DEMETRIUS

Dem. Lysander ! speak again :
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?

Speak ! In some bush ? Where dost thou hide
thy head ?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the
stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come, thou
child

415 I'll whip thee with a rod : he is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there ?

Puck. Follow my voice : we'll try no manhood
here. [Exeunt.]

Re-ënter LYSANDER

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on :
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heeled than I :
I followed fast, but faster he did fly ;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou
gentle day !

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
420 I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.
[Sleeps.]

Re-ënter PUCK and DEMETRIUS

Puck. Ho, ho, ho ! Coward, why comest thou
not ?

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest ; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,

And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
buy this dear,

If ever I thy face by daylight see:

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.

430 By day's approach look to be visited.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Re-ënter HELENA

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,

From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;

Two of both kinds make up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad:

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

440

Re-ënter HERMIA

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,

Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go:

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

450 *Puck.* On the ground
Sleep sound :
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eyes.*
When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye :
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
460 In your waking shall be shown :
Jack shall have Jill ;
Naught shall go ill ;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall
be well. [Exit.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The same.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS,
HELENA, and HERMIA *lying asleep*

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM,
COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other
Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery
bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's
Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

10 *Bot.* Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get
you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a
red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle;
and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag.
Do not fret yourself too much in the action,
mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care
the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to
have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.
Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

20 *Bot.* Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my
30 sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle¹ of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
40 The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

[*Exeunt Fairies.*

¹ a small bundle.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
50 Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st
thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favors for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the
buds
60 Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her
And she in mild terms begged my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
70 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair

And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be ;

See as thou wast wont to see :

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

80 Hath such force and blessed power

Now, my Titania ; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !

Methought I was enamored of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass ?

O how mine eyes do loathe his visage now !

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this
head.

Titania, music call ; and strike more dead

Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho ! music, such as charmeth sleep !

[*Music, still.*

90 *Puck.* Now, when thou wakest, with thine own
fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music ! Come, my queen, take
hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly

And bless it to all fair prosperity :

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark :

100 I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after night's shade :
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Horns winded within.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*¹

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester ;

110 For now our observation is performed ;

And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.

Uncouple in the western valley ; let them go :
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
120 With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near

¹ We now get back to real life after the fairy vagaries.

Seemed all one mutual cry : I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.¹

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian
bulls ;

Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
130 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hollaed to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
Judge when you hear. But, soft ! what nymphs
are these ?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep ;
And this, Lysander ; this Demetrius is ;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
140 Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus ; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
their horns.

[*Horns and shout within.* LYS., DEM.,
HEL., and HER., wake and start up.

¹ Well matched voices were highly esteemed in a pack of hounds. Gervaise Markham who wrote his "Country Contentments" not long before this time, gives directions for the "deep, solemn mouths" and the "loud, ringing mouths." Cf. Irving on Christmas Day in "American Essays," pp. 42, 43.

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past :
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies :

150 How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking : but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here ;
But, as I think, — for truly would I speak, .
And now I do bethink me, so it is, —
I came with Hermia hither : our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might
160 Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord : you have
enough :

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.

They would have stolen away ; they would,
Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood ;
And I in fury hither followed them,

170 Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power, —

But by some power it is, — my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd
Which in my childhood I did dote upon ;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia :

180 But, like a sickness, did I loathe this food ;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.

Egeus, I will overbear your will ;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit :
And, for the morning now is something worn,

190 Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.

Away with us to Athens ; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt THE., HIP.,*

EGE., and train.

Dem. These things seem small and undistin-
guishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted
eye,

When everything seems double.

Hel.

So methinks :

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem.

Are you sure

200 That we are awake? It seems to me

That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel.

And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow
him:

And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me,
and I will answer: my next is, "Most fair Pyra-
mus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bel-
210 lows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling!
God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep!
I have had a most rare vision. I have had a
dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it
was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound
this dream. Methought I was — there is no man
can tell what. Methought I was, — and methought
I had, — but man is but a patched fool, if he will
offer to say what methought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen,
220 man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to con-
ceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.
I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this
dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because

it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens.* QUINCE'S house

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any
10 handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too.

Enter SNUG

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be
20 hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

30 *Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently¹ at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors,
40 eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of THESEUS**Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords,
and Attendants**Hip.* 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these
lovers speak of.*The.* More strange than true: I never may
believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend

More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover and the poet

Are of imagination all compact.¹

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,

o That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

¹ This is one of the speeches from Shakespeare which are remembered and quoted, but often without recollection of the conditions. It is to be remarked that the words are put in the mouth of Theseus the strong and successful man of action. To him it was all the same if one were lunatic, lover, or poet: he looked at the matter as the business man of to-day would. That there can be truth at the bottom of the poet's vision or of the lover's frenzy is quite as impossible to him as that it should be in the ramblings of the lunatic. He pays no more attention to them than Cæsar does to the soothsayer in *Julius Cæsar*. Even when Hippolyta gives him real reason for believing, he has nothing to say but changes the subject.

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven ;

And as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

20 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;

Or in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigured so together,

More¹ witnesseth than fancy's images

And grows to something of great constancy ;

But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and

HELENA

Joy, gentle friends ! joy and fresh days of love

30 Accompany your hearts !

Lys.

More than to us

Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed !

The. Come now ; what masques,² what dances
shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours

¹ *More* is the indirect object of *witnesseth*, not an adverbial modifier.

² The masque was the elaborate private dramatic entertainment of the day.

Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

40 What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe :
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*]

The. [*Reads*] "The battle with the Centaurs,
to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

[*Reads*] "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

50 That is an old device; and it was played
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

[*Reads*] "The thrice three Muses mourning for
the death

Of Learning, late deceased in beggary."

That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

[*Reads*] "A tedious brief scene of young Pyra-
mus

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

Merry and tragical ! tedious and brief !

That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.

60 How shall we find the concord of this discord ?

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play ;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,

Which makes it tedious ; for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted :

And tragical, my noble lord, it is ;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears

70 The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it ?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens
here,

Which never labored in their minds till now,

And now have toiled their unbreathed memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord ;

It is not for you : I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;

Unless you can find sport in their intents,

80 Extremely stretched and conned with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play ;

For never anything can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in : and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such
thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this
kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.

90 Our sport shall be to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;¹

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practiced accent in their fears
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

100 Out of this silence yet I pricked a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

¹ The idea of Theseus met by an address of welcome by "great clerks" is one of Shakespeare's anachronisms. Shakespeare meant to give the idea of a great public man, one who knew the world and its ways. That this particular means would have been unknown to Theseus did not trouble him.

Re-ënter PHILOSTRATE

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue is addressed.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

*Enter QUINCE for the Prologue.*¹

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
 110 But with good will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,
 Our true intent is. All for your delight

We are not here. That you should here repent
 you,

The actors are at hand ; and by their show

You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough
 120 colt ; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my
 lord : it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a
 child on a recorder ; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain ;
 nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next ?

*Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE,
 and LION*

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show ;

¹ Cf. III., i., 18. It must be noted (as Theseus remarks, l. 118) that the punctuation is ingeniously wrong.

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

130 This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers
sunder ;

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are
content

To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine ; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

140 Did scare away, or rather did affright ;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast ;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain

150 At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt* PROLOGUE, PYRAMUS, THISBE,
LION, and MOONSHINE.

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when
many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall ;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show
160 That I am that same wall ; the truth is so :
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak
better ?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I
heard discourse, my lord.

Re-ënter PYRAMUS

The. Pyramus draws near the wall : silence !

Pyr. O grim-looking night ! O night with hue
so black !

O night, which ever art when day is not !
170 O night, O night ! alack, alack, alack,

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot !
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and
mine !

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with
mine eyne ! [*Wall holds up his fingers.*

Thanks, courteous wall : Jove shield thee well for this !

But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss !

Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me !

180 *The.* The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is Thisby's cue : she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Re-ënter THISBE

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

For parting my fair Pyramus and me !

My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

190 *Pyr.* I see a voice : now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby !

This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace ;

And, like Limander,¹ am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

¹ They have vague recollection of Hero and Leander, Cephalus and Procris.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall !

200 *This.* I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway ?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay. [*Exeunt PYRAMUS and THISBE.*]

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so ;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbors.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so willful to hear without warning.

210 *Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows ; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.¹

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

¹ Here again is the opinion of the practical man, though often quoted as if it were Shakespeare's own. The remark of Hippolyta is more likely to have expressed his own idea ; namely, that the imagination of the spectator is necessary to appreciation. It is not the dramatist who is to do it all, — a view which might be of value in considering some of the modern stagings of Shakespeare.

Re-ënter LION and MOONSHINE

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do
fear

220 The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on
floor,

May now perchance both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am

A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam ;

For, if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good con-
science.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that
230 e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valor.

The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord ; for his valor cannot
carry his discretion ; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his
valor ; for the goose carries not the fox. It is
well : leave it to his discretion, and let us listen
to the moon.

Moon. The lanthorn doth the horned moon pre-
240 sent ; —

Dem. Heshould have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invis-
ble within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon pre-
sent :

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the man i' the moon?

250 *Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the
260 moon; this thornbush, my thornbush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Re-ënter THISBE

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [*Roaring*] Oh ——— [*THISBE runs off.*]

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

270 *Hip.* Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The LION shakes THISBE'S mantle, and exit.*]

The. Well moused, Lion.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Re-ënter PYRAMUS

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright ;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite !

280

But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here !
Eyes, do you see ?
How can it be ?

O dainty duck ! O dear !

Thy mantle good,

What, stained with blood !

Approach, ye Furies fell !

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum ;

290

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame ?

Since lion vile hath here deflowered my dear :
Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame,
That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked
with cheer.

Come, tears, confound ;

Out, sword, and wound

300

The pap of Pyramus ;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop : [*Stabs himself.*

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled ;

My soul is in the sky :

Tongue, lose thy light ;

Moon, take thy flight : [*Exit Moonshine.*

Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

310 *Dem.* No die, but an ace for him ; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead : he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play.

Re-ënter THISBE

320 *Hip.* Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus : I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better ; he for a man, God warrant us ; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She has spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet : —

This. Asleep, my love?

330 What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise !

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone :

Lovers, make moan :

340 His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk ;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word :

Come, trusty sword ;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue : [*Stabs herself.*

350 And, farewell, friends ;

Thus Thisby ends :

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. [*Starting up*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue,¹ or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

³⁶⁰ *The.* No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*A dance.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

³⁷⁰ I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatched.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity, •
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PUCK

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy plowman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
³⁸⁰ Now the wasted brands do glow,

¹ a speech like a prologue, but after the play. Theseus refuses Bottom's epilogue, but later on Puck delivers what is really an epilogue to the whole play.

Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
390 From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic : not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house :
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dread and drowsy fire :
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
400 And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note :
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[Song and dance.]

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
410 And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
420 With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blessed
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, and train.

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
430 That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,

440

If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call :
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,¹ if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*]

¹ namely applause, then, as now, the actors great reward, and probably worth as much then as now.

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, }
JAQUES, } lords attending on the banished duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, }
DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, }
SILVIUS, } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT I

SCENE I. *Orchard of OLIVER'S house*¹

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM*²

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman
10 of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage,³ and to that end riders dearly

¹ The first scene does not do quite as much as is often the case in giving us an idea of what the action of the play is to be. We have the idea of the quarrel between the brothers and also of the banished duke, but not much hint of what is to happen.

² Adam is a character of some interest because it was the tradition that the part was acted by Shakespeare himself.

³ or manége. The training, government, and exercise of "the great horse" was a matter of great interest in Shakespeare's day.

hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his
20 hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER

30 *Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with
4 them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Aye, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same
50 tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he
60 is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good
70 education; you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like

qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part
80 of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.
[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no
90 thousand crowns neither.¹ Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

¹ I will manage you without giving what the will demands.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new
100 news at the new court?

Cha. There is no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke;¹ and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

110 *Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and
120 there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.²

¹ The brothers in higher station seem to get along no better than those in lower.

² The golden age in the reign of Saturn was the fabled time when all goodness ruled and evil was unknown. Cf. Gonzalo's Commonwealth in the *Tempest*, II., i., 149-170, especially the last line.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against
130 me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether
140 against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural
150 brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily

grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this
160 day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit CHARLES.*]

Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see
170 an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Lawn before the DUKE'S palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn¹ me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy
10 banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he
20 dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will;² and when I break that oath, let me

¹ used in the old sense of *teach*, which has now passed out of use save among the uneducated.

² Celia was not so practical a person as Rosalind, as we shall see, and it may be that she really fancied that this was a possible solution, just as she doubtless would have caught Charles by the leg (l. 218) had she been able.

turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal;
30 but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayest in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

40 *Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to
50 cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for

Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural¹ the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

60 *Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes and swore by his honor the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was
70 good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by
80 his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he

¹ idiot; although Touchstone was by no means idiotic.

had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation¹ one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak
90 wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more
100 marketable.

Enter LE BEAU

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

¹ satire.

Cel. Well said : that was laid on with a trowel.

110 *Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies : I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning ; and if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

120 *Cel.* Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons, —

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, “ Be it known unto all men by these presents.”

130 *Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke’s wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas !

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that
140 the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day:
it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of
ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this
broken music in his sides? is there yet another
dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrest-
ling, cousin?

150 *Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here; for here
is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they
are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now
stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, OR-
LANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be
entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks suc-
160 cessfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are
you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Aye, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can
tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity

of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

170 *Duke F.* Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too
180 bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

190 *Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed,

but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be
200 better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well : pray heaven I be deceived in you !

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you !

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

Orl. Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more
210 modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before ; but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man !

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*Wrestle.*

220 *Ros.* O excellent young man !

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout.* CHARLES is thrown.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace : I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

230 *Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteemed thy father honorable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou are a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt DUKE FRED., train, and LE BEAU.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

240 *Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, His youngest son,—and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind:

Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,

Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel.

Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

250 Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:

If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros.

Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Aye. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better
parts

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands
up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

260 *Ros.* He calls us back: my pride fell with my
fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel.

Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon
my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-ënter LE BEAU

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

270 To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous¹; what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me
this ;

Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners ;

280 But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake ;

290 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well :

¹ fanciful. The four humors were, in the old physiology, the four moistures that were imagined to be in man's body, and according as one or another prevailed so was his disposition of one or another character. Hence *humor* came to mean "general disposition," and in the time of Shakespeare it was used for any especial mood, particularly those that were whimsical. Thus the adjective was apt to mean whimsical, fanciful, unreasonable.

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you
well. [*Exit* LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the palace*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND

Cel. Why, cousin! Why, Rosalind! Cupid
have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast
away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come,
lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up;
when the one should be lamed with reasons and
the other mad without any.

10 *Cel.* But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father.
O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon
thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the
trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these
burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry "hem" and have
20 him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself !

Cel. O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

30 *Ros.* The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly¹; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

40 *Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle ?

Duke F. You, cousin :

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

¹ *Dear* used to refer not merely to affectionate regard, but to almost any intense feeling.

So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me :
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic, —
50 As I do trust I am not — then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors :
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself :
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a
traitor :
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter ; there's
enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his
dukedom ;
60 So was I when your highness banished him :
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia ; we stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
70 It was your pleasure and your own remorse :
I was too young that time to value her ;
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,
Why so am I ; we still ¹ have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her
smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
80 Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more
virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her ; she is banished.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my
liege.
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide
yourself :
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and Lords.*

90 *Cel.* O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go ?
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

¹ continually.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin :
Prithee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one :
Shall we be sundered ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
No : let my father seek another heir.

100 Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us ;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out ;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
110 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;
The like do you : so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man ? ¹

¹ This was a favorite device of Shakespeare's ; witness Julia, Portia, Viola, Imogen. It may perhaps be that it was suggested to him by the fact that as his girls were all acted by boys there was a sort of piquancy in having them in boys' clothes.

A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and — in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will —

120 We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a
man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page;

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my
state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
130 The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [Exeunt.

ACT II¹SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, *and two or three* Lords,
like foresters

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
10 "This is no flattery : these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
20 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

¹ This is the true beginning of the play ; what went before was like a prologue.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques¹ grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
30 Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
40 In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques ?
Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

¹ Here, as in V., iv., 197, the meter shows that the name is a dissyllable. In other cases, as later in this speech, the name might be pronounced either with one syllable or two.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;
“ Poor deer,” quoth he, “ thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much ” : then, being there
alone,

50 Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
“ ’Tis right ” : quoth he, “ thus misery doth part
The flux of company ” : anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him ; “ Aye,” quoth
Jaques,

“ Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
’Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
• Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ? ”
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
60 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what’s worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this con-
templation ?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
menting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place :
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he’s full of matter.

First Lord. I’ll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the palace**Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords*

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be : some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish¹ clown, at whom
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

10 Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant
hither ;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;
I'll make him find him : do this suddenly,

20 And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

¹ mangy : a term of contempt.

SCENE III. *Before OLIVER's house**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting**Orl.* Who's there ?*Adam.* What, my young master ? O my gentle master !

O my sweet master ! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?
Why are you virtuous ? why do people love you ?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant ?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke ?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

¹⁰ Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
No more do yours : your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it !

Orl. Why, what's the matter ?*Adam.* O unhappy youth !

Come not within these doors ; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives :
Your brother — no, no brother ; yet the son —
²⁰ Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father —
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it : if he fail of that,

He will have other means to cut you off.¹

I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place ; this house is but a butchery :

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go ?

30 *Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road ?

This I must do, or know not what to do :

Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

40 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse

When service should in my old limbs lie lame

And unregarded age in corners thrown :

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;

All this I give you. Let me be your servant :

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;

For in my youth I never did apply

¹ This plot of Oliver's, of course, recoils upon his own head. If he had left Orlando to himself, the Duke would have dealt with him ; as it turns out, Orlando takes himself off and the Duke lays hold of Oliver.

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
50 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly :¹ let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
60 Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways ; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
70 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore it is too late a week :
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Not precisely in the modern sense, more like *natural*.

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden*

Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, and TOUCHSTONE

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits !

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat ; therefore courage, good Aliena !

Cel. I pray you, bear with me ; I cannot go no
10 further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you ; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Aye, now am I in Arden ; the more fool I ; when I was at home, I was in a better place ; but travelers must be content.

Ros. Aye, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS

20 Look you, who comes here ; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love
her !

Cor. I partly guess ; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow :

But if thy love were ever like to mine —

As sure I think did never man love so—

30 How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily !

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not loved :

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not loved :

4^o Or if thou hast not broke from company

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! . . . [Exit.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found my own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile ; and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the
50 cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked ; and I remember the wooing of a peascod

instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own
60 wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale
with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

70 *Ros.* Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed
And faints for succor.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her.
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her ;
But I am shepherd to another man
80 And do not shear the fleeces that I graze :
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality :
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and
pasture ?

90 *Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but
erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,¹
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this
place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold :
Go with me : if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
100 I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ fair dealing.

SCENE V. *The forest**Enter* AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others*

SONG

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

10 *Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?

20 *Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you ; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks.
30 Come, sing : and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while ; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company ; I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG [*All together here.*

40 Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

50 *Jaq.* Thus it goes : —

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,

Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame.
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that "ducdame" ?

60 *Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into
a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can ; if I cannot, I'll
rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke : his banquet is
prepared. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE VI. *The forest*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further : O, I
die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out
my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart
in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer
thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any-
thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring
it for food to thee. Thy conceit¹ is nearer death
than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable ;
10 hold death awhile at the arm's end : I will here be
with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not some-
thing to eat, I will give thee leave to die : but if
thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my

¹ thought.

labor. Well said ! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air : come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The forest*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and Lords like outlaws

Duke S. I think he be transformed into a beast ;

For I can nowhere find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence :

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.¹
Go, seek him : tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES

First Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,

10 That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily !

¹ The "music of the spheres" was an idea that grew out of the old astronomy. See p. 18, note 2. If Jaques becomes harmonious, it will be as unnatural as if the spheres should become discordant.

Jaq. A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ; a miserable world !
As I do live by food, I met a fool ;
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,¹
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.
“ Good-morrow, fool,” quoth I. “ No, sir,” quoth he,
“ Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune : ”
20 And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,
Says very wisely, “ It is ten o'clock :
Thus we may see,” quoth he, “ how the world wags :
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 't will be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;
And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
30 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this ?

Jaq. O worthy fool ! One that hath been a
courtier

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

¹ He was only following the example of Rosalind and Celia.

40 After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
50 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they
so?

The “why” is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man’s folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
60 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou
wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

- 70 *Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function
80 That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see
wherein
My tongue hath wronged him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt thou, till necessity be served.

- 90 *Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy
distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touched my vein at first; the thorny
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred¹

And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:

He dies that touches any of this fruit

Till I and my affairs are answered.

100 *Jaq.* An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentle-
ness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our
table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray
you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible,

110 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

If ever you have looked on better days,

If ever been where bells have knolled to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,

¹ The seaport towns were doubtless full of roistering seafarers whose conceptions of manners were large and loose.

If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
120 And have with holy bell been knolled to church
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered :
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
130 Limped in pure love : till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye ; and be blessed for your good
comfort !

[*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone un-
happy :

This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,¹

¹ This is one of those elaborate passages that catch the fancy.
It is amusing in itself, though it presents a satirical and sordid

And all the men and women merely players:
140 They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his sachel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
150 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,¹
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
160 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,

view, but it has not much to do with the play. It is to be remarked, however, that it is put in the mouth of the cynical Jaques: it is not the view of Shakespeare himself.

¹ a conventional figure in Italian comedy; a doddering and foolish old man.

Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-ënter ORLANDO with ADAM

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable
burden
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need :
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
170 As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
180 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly;

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho ! sing, &c.

190 *Duke S.* If that you were the good Sir Row-
land's son,

As you have whispered faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limned and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke
That loved your father : the residue of your
fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. *A room in the palace*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER

Duke F. Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be :

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it :
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;
Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or living

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.

Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
10 Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.¹

Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in
this!

I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him
out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands;
Do this expediently and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The forest*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my
love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,²
survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth
sway.

¹ The duke accuses him practically of what he would willingly have done.

² Phœbe, Persephone, Artemis, often identified and conceived as one goddess with threefold attributes.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books.

And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.

Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree

10 The fair, the chaste and unexpressive¹ she.

[*Erit.*

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well , but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life,
20 look you, it fits my humor well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is ; and that he wants money, means and content is without three good friends ; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun ; that he that hath learned no wit by nature
30 nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

¹ inexpressible.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.
Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

40 *Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court.¹ You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands! that
50 courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

¹ Corin, as before, tries to keep up with Touchstone's absurdities by the slower processes of common sense.

60 *Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner.
Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend
70 the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see
80 my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.

90 All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together,
dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted :
it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool !

Touch. For a taste:

100 If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind ;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
110 Must find love's prick and Rosalind.¹

This is the very false gallop of verses : why do you
infect yourself with them ?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool ! I found them on a
tree.

¹ As before, II., v., 51, Shakespeare shows himself an excellent
parodist.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar ; then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country ; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the
120 medlar.

Touch. You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing

Ros. Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading : stand aside.

Cel. [*Reads*]

Why should this a desert be ?

For it is unpeopled ? No ;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show :

Some, how brief the life of man

130 Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age ;

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend :

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

140 Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide-enlarged :
Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,¹
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts
150 By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter ! what tedious
homily of love have you wearied your parishioners
withal, and never cried " Have patience, good people ! "

Cel. How now ! back, friends ! Shepherd, go
160 off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable
retreat ; though not with bag and baggage,
yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses ?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ;

¹ Helen was beautiful but not especially good ; of Cleopatra Shakespeare subsequently thought differently. Atalanta's " better part " must have been her swiftness of foot ; the story of Lucrece had interested Shakespeare not long before.

for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

170 *Ros.* Aye, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time,¹ that I was an Irish rat,
180 which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

190 *Cel.* Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonder-

¹ The doctrine of Pythagoras was that people lived in many bodies, one after another, some human, some animal.

ful wonderful ! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping !

Ros. Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery ; I prithee, 200 tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard ?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

210 *Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful : let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking : speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando ?

Cel. Orlando.

220 *Ros.* Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet and hose ? ¹ What did he when thou sawest him ? What said he ? How looked he ?

¹ The idea of Orlando made her think of her skirts.

Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's¹ mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say aye and no to these particulars
230 is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

240 *Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

250 *Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

¹ Gargantua was a good giant, of whom Rabelais wrote.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft? comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES

Ros. 'Tis he : slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake,
260 I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you : let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

270 *Jaq.* I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?¹

Orl. Not so ; but I answer you right painted

¹ There used often to be mottoes and sentiments in gold rings.

cloth, from whence you have studied your ques-
280 tions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

290 *Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.¹

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit JAQUES.*]

300 *Ros.* [*Aside to CELIA*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?²

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

¹ figure is face; the answer is a little too tame for Jaques.

² Rosalind, who was very nervous, is now all herself again.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest ;
else sighing every minute and groaning every hour
would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a
310 clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time ? had
not that been as proper ?

Ros. By no means, sir : Time travels in divers
paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time
ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time
gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal ?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid
between the contract of her marriage and the day
320 it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'nnight,
Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of
seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal ?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich
man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps
easily because he cannot study and the other lives
merrily because he feels no pain, the one lacking
the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other
knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury ; these
330 Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal ?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows, for though
he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself
too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal ?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation ; for they

sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

340 *Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.¹

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many : but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak,
350 who was in his youth an inland man ;² one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal ; they were all like one another as halfpence are, every one fault
360 seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the

¹ born ; the word is from *kind*, meaning race or generation.

² Cf. II., vii., 96.

forest, that abuses our young plants with carving
“Rosalind” on their barks: hangs odes upon haw-
thorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deify-
ing the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that
fancy-monger,¹ I would give him some good coun-
370 sel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon
him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray
you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon
you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in
which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue
eye and sunken, which you have not, an unques-
380 tionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neg-
lected, which you have not; but I pardon you for
that, for simply your having in beard is a younger
brother's revenue: then your hose should be un-
gartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve
unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything
about you demonstrating a careless desolation;
but you are no such man; you are rather point-
device in your accouterments as loving yourself
than seeming the lover of any other.

390 *Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee
believe I love.

¹ For *fancy* cf. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II., i., 156; a
fancy-monger, then, was one who made love a business, as it
were, — was a professional at it.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand
400 of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do:¹ and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I
410 profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are

¹ Madmen fared ill in those days; we see more of the custom in the fate of Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*.

420 for the most part cattle of this color : would now like him, now loathe him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness ; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him : and in this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one
430 spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will : tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you : and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

440 *Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go ?
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JACQUES behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey : I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey ? am I the man yet ? doth my simple feature content you ?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.¹

¹⁰ *Jaq.* [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

²⁰ *Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

³⁰ *Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

¹ Ovid was banished from Rome to the Thracian Chersonesus; Touchstone calls him capricious with a pun on *caper*, the Latin for goat.

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

40 *Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

50 *Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

60 *Jaq.* [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed : I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't; how do you, sir? You are very well met : God 'ild you for your last company : I am very glad to see you : even a toy in hand here, sir : nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox has his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his
70 desires ; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is : this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot ; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I
80 were better to be married of him than of another : for he is not like to marry me well ; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey :
Farewell, good Master Oliver ; not, —

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee :

90 but, —

Wind away,
Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter : ne'er a fantastical
knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The forest*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

Ros. Never talk to me : I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee ; but yet have the grace to
consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire ; there-
fore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's :¹ marry,
his kisses are Judas's own children.

10 *Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

Cel. An excellent color : your chestnut was
ever the only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as
the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of
Diana : a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not
more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in
them.

¹ Tradition had it that Judas's hair was red.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this
20 morning, and comes not ?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so ?

Cel. Yes ; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love ?

Cel. Yes, when he is in ; but I think he is not
in.

30 *Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. “ Was ” is not “ is ” : besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him : he asked me of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he
40 laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ?

Cel. O, that’s a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover ; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose : but all’s brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here ?

Enter CORIN

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
50 After the shepherd that complained of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly played,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove :
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
60 Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest**Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE*

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not,
Phebe ;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes
hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon ; will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind

Phe. I would not be thy executioner :

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

10 *Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye :*

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers !

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee :

Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;

Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers !

20 *Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :*

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it ; lean upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine
eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt.

Sil.

O dear Phebe,

If ever, — as that ever may be near, —

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,

30 *Then shall you know the wounds invisible*

That love's keen arrows make.

Phe.

But till that time

Come not thou near me : and when that time
comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you ? Who might be
your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched ? What though you have no
beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed, —
40 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ?
Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too !
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it :
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
50 Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain ?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman : 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favored children :
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But mistress, know yourself : down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love :
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
60 Sell when you can : you are not for all markets :

Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer :
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

So take her to thee, shepherd : fare you well.¹

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together : I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks,
70 I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am falser than vows made in wine : Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister ? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud : though all the world could see
80 None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*

Phe. Dead shepherd,² now I find thy saw of might.
“ Who ever loved that loved not at first sight ? ”

¹ Rosalind's speech, it must be remembered, is conceived by a woman and uttered by a boy.

² The “dead shepherd” is Marlowe, greater than any of the dramatists who followed him except Shakespeare. This line comes, however, not from his plays, but from his poem “Hero and Leander.”

Sil. Sweet Phebe, —

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love your sorrow and my grief

90 Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love : is not that neighborly ?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,

And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure, and I'll employ thee too :

But do not look for further recompense

Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

100 *Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then

A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to
me erewhile ?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath both the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

110 *Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for
him ;

'Tis but a peevish boy ; yet he talks well ;
But what care I for words ? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth : not very pretty :
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes
him :

He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall :

120 His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :

There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little ripier and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek ; 'twas just the dif-
ference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they marked
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him ; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :

130 For what had he to do to chide at me ?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black :
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me :

I marvel why I answered not again :

But that's all one : omittance is no quittance,
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it : wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ;

The matter's in my head and in my heart :

I will be bitter with him and passing short.

140 Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The forest*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAUQUES

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy¹ fellow.

Jaq. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

¹ This word is an interesting one. In Shakespeare's time it meant what it does now and other things too. Just as in Milton's "Il Penseroso," melancholy does not mean merely the pensive sadness that we think of to-day, so in this passage it does not. Originally melancholy was one of the four "humors" (see the note on p. 112), — the blackly bilious humor which cast a shade over one's life and, if it were too strong, caused hypochondria, insanity, and death. But from this earlier half-pathological conception, the word softened in meaning so that it means little more than a thoughtful humor. The passage following is one of Jaques's intellectual *tours de force*, like the "All the world's a stage."

10 *Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous
20 sadness.

Ros. A traveler ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad : I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's ; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad : I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad ; and to travel for it
30 too !

Enter ORLANDO

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind !

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveler : look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think

you have swam in a gondola.¹ Why, how now,
40 Orlando! where have you been all this while?
You a lover! An you serve me such another
trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour
of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that
will divide a minute into a thousand parts and
break but a part of the thousandth part of a min-
ute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that
Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll
50 warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in
my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Aye, of a snail; for though he comes
slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better
jointure, I think, than you make a woman: be-
sides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

60 *Ros.* Why, horns, which such as you are fain to
be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed
in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker: and my Rosalind
is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath
a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

¹ *i.e.* be affected, or no one will know you have been abroad.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent.
70 What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were graveled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

80 *Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am I not your Rosalind?

90 *Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his

brains dashed out with a Grecian club ; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of
100 the patterns of love. Leander,¹ he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night ; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned : and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was “ Hero of Sestos.” But these are all lies : men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this
110 mind, for, I protest her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me ?

Ros. Aye, and twenty such.

120 *Orl.* What sayest thou ?

Ros. Are you not good ?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing ? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister ?

¹ Shakespeare thinks again of the “dead shepherd’s” “Hero and Leander.”

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

130 *Ros.* You must begin, "Will you, Orlando —"

Cel. Go to, Will you, Orlando, have to wife
this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Aye, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry
us.

Ros. Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind,
for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

140 *Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but
I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's
a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a
woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her
after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no,
Orlando; men are April when they woo, Decem-
150 ber when they wed: maids are May when they are
maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.
I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-
pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot
against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more
giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep
for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will
do that when you are disposed to be merry; I

will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

160 *Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the case-ment; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit,
170 he might say, "Wit, whither wilt?"

Ros. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

180 *Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Aye, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Aye, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are
190 not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

[*Exit ORLANDO.*]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

210 *Cel.* Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked son of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll

tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

220 *Cel.* And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest*¹

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune,
10 so it make noise enough.

SONG

For. What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home;

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born:

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

¹ This is a pretty scene which serves to fill up the time till two o'clock, when Orlando is to be back again.

SCENE III. *The forest**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA*

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth — to sleep.¹ Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
10 Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love
me,
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
20 This is a letter of your own device.

¹ Celia is not always comforting.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents :
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool
And turned into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colored hand ; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands :
She has a huswife's hand ; but that's no matter :
I say she never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

30 *Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian : women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the
letter ?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me : mark how the tyrant
writes. *[Reads.]*

40 Art thou god to shepherd turned,
That a maiden's heart hath burned ?

Can a woman rail thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ros. *[Reads]*

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

50 If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
60 Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny.
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no
pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What,
to make thee an instrument and play false strains
upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your
70 way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame
snake, and say this to her; that if she love me, I
charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will
never have her unless thou entreat for her. If

you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor
bottom:

80 The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner than her brother." Are not you
90 The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stained.

Cel.

I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
you

- 100 He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself :
Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
110 Who with her head nimble in threats approached
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
120 This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother ;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando : did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed
so ;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
130 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was't you he rescued ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill
him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?

Oli. By and by.

140 When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place : —
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted
150 And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound ;

And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND swoons.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet Gany-
mede !

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

160 *Cel.* There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede !

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth : you a man ! you
lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body
would think this was well counterfeited ! I pray
you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.
Heigh-ho !

170 *Oli.* This was not counterfeit : there is too
great testimony in your complexion that it was a
passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart and counter-
feit to be a man.

Ros. So I do : but, i' faith, I should have been
a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler : pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

180 *Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something : but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go ?
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. *The forest*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Aye, I know who 'tis ; he hath no interest in me in the world : here comes the man you
10 mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown¹ : by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

¹ a common country fellow.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, prithee, be covered.

20 *How old are you, friend?*

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William ?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here ?

Will. Aye, sir, I thank God.

Touch. "Thank God" ; a good answer. Art rich ?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

30 *Touch.* "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good ; and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou wise ?

Will. Aye, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth ; meaning thereby that grapes were
40 made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid ?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned ?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me : to have, is to have ; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being

poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other ; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he : now, you are not ipse, for
50 I am he.

Will. Which he, sir ?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon, — which is in the vulgar leave, — the society, — which in the boorish is company, — of this female, — which in the common is woman ; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life
60 into death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'er-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways : therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you ; come, away, away !

Touch. Trip, Audrey ! trip, Audrey ! I attend,
70 I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that but seeing you should

love her ? and loving woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? and will you persevere to enjoy her ?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her that she loves me ; consent with both that we may enjoy
10 each other : it shall be to your good ; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow : thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena ; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

20 *Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf !

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher ?

30 *Orl.* Aye, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are :¹ nay, 'tis true : there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame" : for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy ; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage
40 which they will climb incontinent : they are in the very wrath of love and they will together ; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes ! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in
50 having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.²

Ros. I will weary you no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit : I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I

¹ What you mean.

² Like the Lady of Shalott, he is sick of shadows.

know you are ; neither do I labor for a greater
60 esteem than may in some little measure draw a
belief from you, to do yourself good and not to
grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can
do strange things : I have, since I was three year
old, conversed with a magician, most profound in
his art and yet not damnable. If you do love
Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it
out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you
marry her : I know into what straits of fortune
she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it
70 appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before
your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without
any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings ?

Ros. By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly,
though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put
you in your best array ; bid your friends ; for if
you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to
Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of
hers.

80 *Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentle-
ness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have : it is my study

To seem spiteful and ungentle to you :

You are there followed by a faithful shepherd ;

Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

90 *Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service :
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
100 All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance ;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

110 *Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Ros. Why do you speak too, "Why blame you me to love you" ?

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To SIL.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To PHE.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To PHE.*] I will marry you, if ever I
120 marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [*To ORL.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To SIL.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To ORL.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To SIL.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

130 *Phe.* Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

10 *Second Page.* We are for you : sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Second Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

20 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

30 And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, etc.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time
40 lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you;
and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The forest*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAKUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CELIA

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the
boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do
not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is
urged;
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give
with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I
bring her?

- 10 *Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
20 You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter :
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd :
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me : and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.
[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*
Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.
Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
30 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutored in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all !

40 *Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome : this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.¹ I have trod a measure ; I have flattered a lady ; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up ?

50 *Touch.* Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause ? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir ; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear ;

¹ Purgation was a legal trial whereby one publicly cleaned one's self from guilt of which one was accused. It was sometimes ecclesiastical, as by taking oath, sometimes legal, as in the trial by combat or otherwise.

according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine
60 own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—
70 bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he
80 would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say I lied: this is called the Counter-check Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how often did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Cir-

cumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

90 *Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie
100 Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, "If you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse
110 and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA¹

Still Music

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even

¹ This seems to be a sort of pageant invented by Rosalind to carry out her idea.

Atone¹ together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter :

Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his

Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [*To duke*] To you I give myself, for I am
yours.

120 [*To Ors.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my
daughter.

Ors. If there be truth in sight, you are my
Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love, adieu !

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he :
I'll have no husband, if you be not he :
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

130 Of these most strange events :

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part :

You and you are heart in heart :

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord :

¹ The word has here its original, non-technical meaning of "are at one."

140

You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning ;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

150

Wedding is great Juno's crown :
O blessed bond of board and bed !
'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;
High wedlock then be honored :
Honor, high honor and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town !
Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me !
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art
mine ;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS

160

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or
two :
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that very day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power,¹ which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take

¹ prepared an army.

His brother here and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came :
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;

170 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding,
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot :
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with
us

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity

180 And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music. And you, brides and bridegrooms
all,

With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you
rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learned.

[*To duke*] You to your former honor I bequeath:

190 Your patience and your virtue well deserves it :

[*To Orl.*] You to a love that your true faith doth
merit :

[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great
allies :

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed :

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling ; for thy lov-
ing voyage

Is but for two months victualled. So, to your
pleasures :

I am for other than for dancing measures.¹

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I : what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave. [*Exit.*

200 *Duke S.* Proceed, proceed : we will begin these
rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE²

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the
epilogue ; but it is no more unhandsome than to

¹ Jaques is the only one who is at all consistent. The eagerness with which all rush back to their former positions, shows the hollowness of all such protestations as the speech of the Duke (II., i., 1) or such glamourings as the song of Amiens (II., v., 1, 39).

² *As You Like It*, like *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*, has an epilogue, and in each case the object is the same, to conciliate the audience and gain their applause.

see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue ; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ! I am
10 not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me : my way is to conjure you ; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you : and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women — as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them — that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions
20 that liked me and breaths that I defied not ; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [Exeunt.

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, King of Naples.

SEBASTIAN, his brother.

PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.

FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.

GONZALO, an honest old Counselor.

ADRIAN, }

FRANCISCO, } Lords.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.

TRINCULO, a Jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.

Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.

IRIS, }

CERES, }

JUNO, }

Nymphs, }

Reapers, }

presented by Spirits.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE: *A ship at sea: an island.*

THE TEMPEST

ACT I

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea ; a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard*¹

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain !

Boats. Here, master : what cheer ?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners : fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground : bestir, bestir.

[Exit.

Enter Mariners

Boats. Heigh, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ! yare, yare ! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough !²

¹ This scene is an introduction to the rest of the play, in that it accounts for all the strangers' being upon the island. It is not like a prologue, however, for it does not explain what it is needful to understand to have the mutual position of the characters : Prospero does that himself in sc. ii.

² It has been said by sailors that these orders have each some significance, and that an intelligent one. The ship is evidently being blown on the rocks of a lee shore ; the boatswain takes in sail, and tries to get to sea (l. 50), knowing that if he have sea-room (l. 8) he can stand any wind. But she makes too much lee-way and gets on the rocks.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's
10 the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our
labor : keep your cabins : you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence ! What cares
these roarers for the name of king ! To cabin :
silence ! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast
20 aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself.
You are a counselor ; if you can command these
elements to silence, and work the peace of the
present, we will not hand a rope more ; use your
authority : if you cannot, give thanks you have
lived so long, and make yourself ready in your
cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.
Cheerly, good hearts ! Out of our way, I say.
[*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow :
30 methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him ;
his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast,
good Fate, to his hanging : make the rope of his
destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage.
If he be not born to be hanged, our case is
miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-ënter Boatswain

Boats. Down with the topmast ! yare ! lower, lower ! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling ! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-ënter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

40 Yet again ! what do you here ? Shall we give o'er and drown ? Have you a mind to sink ?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog !

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur ! hang, you insolent noisemaker !

We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning ; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold ! set her two
50 courses off to sea again ; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet

Mariners. All lost ! to prayers, to prayers ! all lost !

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold ?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers ! let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards :

This wide-chapped rascal — would thou mightst
lie drowning

The washing of ten tides !

Gon.

He'll be hanged yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him.

[*A confused noise within* : "Mercy on us !" —
60 "We split, we split !" — "Farewell my wife and
children !" —

"Farewell, brother !" — "We split, we split, we
split !"]

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[*Exeunt ANT. and SEB.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of
sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown
furze, any thing. The wills above be done ! but
I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The island.*¹ *Before PROSPERO'S cell*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you² have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

¹ Much speculation has been spun upon the question where the island was. Mr. Rudyard Kipling of late revived the idea, based on some geographical resemblances, that it was one of the Bermudas. But one of the few real allusions to places makes it sure that the island was not one of the Bermudas: once when Prospero wanted dew from the Bermudas (I., ii., 229) he sent Ariel for it. Naturally we should suppose that the island was somewhere between Tunis, whence the fleet set sail, and Naples, whither it was bound. It does not appear that they had been blown far from their course.

² This is the emphatic word.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking
pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's
cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perished.

10 Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected :

No more amazement : tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day ?

Pros. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
20 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So :

[Lays down his mantle.

Lie there, my art.¹ Wipe thou thine eyes ; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul —

30 No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down ;

For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding "Stay : not yet."

Pros. The hour's now come ;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear :
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?

40 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what ? by any other house or person ?
Of anything the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me ?

¹ His mantle was the means and symbol of his magic art.

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But
how is it

That this lives in thy mind ? What seest thou else
50 In the dark backward and abysm of time ?

If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve
years since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father ?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan ; and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens !
60 What foul play did we, that we came from thence ?
Or blessed was't we did ?

Pros. Both, both, my girl :
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you
farther.

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, called An-
tonio — ¹

¹ This speech and those following are characteristic of Shakespeare's later style. They are so full of thought that they are

I pray thee, mark me — that a brother should
Be so perfidious ! — he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
70 The manage of my state ; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel ; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me ?

Mir.

Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
80 How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new formed 'em ; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear ; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st
not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros.

I pray thee, mark me.

sometimes very loose in grammatical structure. That is, the elaborate idea is expressed in all sorts of modifying words and clauses, so that even correctness of construction is sometimes lost sight of, as in ll. 97-103 where the general meaning is quite plain. Cases of the same sort are not rare in this play, as l. 327 of this scene ; II., i., 132 ; III., i., 15.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
90 To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature ; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
100 Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke ; out o' the substitu-
tion,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative : hence his ambition grow-
ing —
Dost thou hear ?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he
played

And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
110 Was dukedom large enough : of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable ; confederates —
So dry he was for sway — wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend

The dukedom yet unbowed — alas, poor Milan! —
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition and the event; then
tell me

If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:

120 Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
With all the honors on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
130 The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pros. Hear a little further
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pros. Well demanded, wench :
140 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roared to us, to sigh
150 To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you !

Pros. O, a cherubin¹
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groaned ; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.
160 Some food we had and some fresh water that

¹ This word, which looks like the Hebrew plural in -im, is probably borrowed from the French singular of the same form.

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessities,
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentle-
ness,

Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir.

Would I might

But ever see that man !

Pros.

Now I arise :

[*Resumes his mantle.*]

170 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

Here in this island we arrived ; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't ! And now, I
pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm ?

Pros.

Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies

180 Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions :

Thou art inclined to sleep: 'tis a good dullness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

[MIRANDA sleeps.

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I
come

190 To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement : sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
200 The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join.¹ Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not ; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

¹ Shakespeare had in mind an actual phenomenon called "St. Elmo's fire."

Pros.

My brave spirit !

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason ?

Ari.

Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad and played

210 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, — then like reeds, not hair, —
Was the first man that leaped ; cried, “ Hell is
empty,
And all the devils are here.”

Pros.

Why, that's my spirit !

But was not this nigh shore ?

Ari.

Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe ?*Ari.*

Not a hair perished ;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before : and, as thou badest me,
220 In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself ;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros.

Of the king's ship,

The mariners, say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari.

Safely in harbor

Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew

From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid :
230 The mariners all under hatches stowed ;
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,
I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed : but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day ?

Ari. Past the mid season.

240 *Pros.* At least two glasses. The time 'twixt
six and now¹

Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

Ari. Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give
me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

Pros. How now ? moody ?
What is't thou canst demand ?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out ? no more !

¹ By the indications of time we see that the action of the play is hardly longer than the time actually taken in acting. The three unities, as they were called, of time, place, and action, are preserved. Shakespeare as a rule paid little attention to such matters : in this, almost his last play, he may have amused himself by easily observing dramatic restrictions that he previously had held not worth a thought.

Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service ;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings : thou didst
promise

250 To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee ?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread
the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing ! Hast thou
forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

260 *Ari.* No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born ?
speak : tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so ? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished : for one thing she did

They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Aye, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought
with child

270 And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant ;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years ; within which space she died

280 And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy
groans

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
island —

Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born — not honored with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry bears : it was a torment
290 To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo : it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape

The pine and let thee out.

Ari.

I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

Ari.

Pardon, master ;

I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.

Pros.

Do so, and after two days

I will discharge thee.

Ari.

That's my noble master !

300 What shall I do ! say what ; what shall I do ?

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea :
be subject

To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't : go, hence with diligence !
[Exit ARIEL.

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;
Awake !

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros.

Shake it off. Come on ;

We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never

310 Yields us kind answer.

Mir.

'Tis a villain, sir,

I do not love to look on.

Pros.

But, as 'tis,

We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices

That profit us. What, ho ! slave ! Caliban !
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

Cal. [*Within*] There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say ! there's other business
for thee :

Come, thou tortoise ! when ?

Re-ënter ARIEL like a water nymph

Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

320 *Pros.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth !

*Enter CALIBAN*¹

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er !

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
have cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinched

330 As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

¹ Caliban, in spite of the harm he tries to do, is still an attractive creature. He is something like a great, awkward, overgrown boy ; violent, loyal to his self-chosen guides, and (in spite of being abnormal) natural. One ought to read Browning's " Caliban upon Setebos."

Cal.

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest
first,

Thou strok'dst me and mad'st much of me, wouldst
give me

Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night : and then I loved
thee

And showed thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and
fertile :

340 Cursed be I that did so ! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king : and here you
sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pros.

Abhorred slave,

Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
hour

One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
350 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile
race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,

Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language ; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language !

Pros. Hag seed, hence !

360 Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.

[*Aside*] I must obey : his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave ; hence ! [*Exit CALIBAN.*]

Re-ënter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing ;
FERDINAND following

*ARIEL'S song*¹

Come unto these yellow sands,

And then take hands :

Courtsied when you have and kissed

The wild waves whist.

¹ Ariel is now "like a nymph o' the sea."

Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Hark, hark !

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark :

Bow-wow.

Ari. Hark, hark ! I hear
 380 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be ? i' the air or
 the earth ?

It sounds no more : and, sure, it waits upon
 Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
 Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
 This music crept by me upon the waters,
 Allaying both their fury and my passion
 With its sweet air : thence I have followed it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
 390 No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

Burthen. Ding-dong.

Ari. Hark ! now I hear them, — Ding-dong,
 bell.

400 *Fer.* The ditty does remember my drowned
father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is't? a spirit? ¹
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath
such senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stained
410 With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst
call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll
free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my
prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give

¹ She had seen no man but her father and Caliban.

420 How I may bear me here : my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !
If you be maid or no ?

Mir. No wonder, sir ;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language ! heavens !
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How ? the best ?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee ?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;
And that he does I weep : myself am Naples,
430 Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrecked.

Mir. Alack, for mercy !

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords ; the Duke of
Milan

And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [TO FER.] A word, good
sir ;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently ? This
440 Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sighed for : pity move my father
To be inclined my way !

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir ! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers ; but this
swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [To FER.] One word more :
I charge thee.

That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not ; and hast put thyself
450 Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple :

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor. Come ;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, withered roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No ;
460 I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for

He's gentle and not fearful.

Pros.

What ? I say,

My foot my tutor ! Put thy sword up, traitor ;
Who makest a show but darrest not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possessed with guilt : come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir.

Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence ! hang not on my garments.

Mir.

Sir, have pity ;

470 I'll be his surety.

Pros.

Silence ! one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !
An advocate for an impostor ! hush !
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban : foolish wench !
To the most of men this is a Caliban
And they to him are angels.

Mir.

My affections

Are then most humble ; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros.

Come on ; obey :

Thy nerves are in their infancy again

480 And have no vigor in them.

Fer.

So they are ;

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside*] It works. [To FER.] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel ! [To FER.] Follow
me.

490 [*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort ;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. *Another part of the island*¹

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry ; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy ; for our escape

¹ This scene serves to give us an idea of the different characters of those cast upon the island. Alonso is lost in grief at the loss of Ferdinand, but the others have enough to say. The wit, where there is any, is not very fine : it serves, however, to show the heartlessness of Antonio (whose character has not improved with years) and of Sebastian, who seems about as bad as he.

Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common ; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe ; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon.

Prithee, peace.

10 *Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One ; tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertained that's
offered,

Comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolor comes to him, indeed ; you have
20 spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant
you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done : but yet, —

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager,
first begins to crow ?

30 *Seb.* The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible, —

Seb. Yet, —

Adr. Yet, —

40 *Ant.* He could not miss't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Aye, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

50 *Ant.* True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, — which is indeed almost beyond credit, —

60 *Seb.* As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Aye, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage
70 of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said "widower Æneas" too?
80 Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. "Widow Dido" said you? you make me study of that; she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Seb. His word is more than the miraculous harp;¹ he hath raised the wall and houses too.

¹ The harp was perhaps that of Amphion, the music of which raised the walls of Thebes. Carthage was utterly destroyed by the Romans: Sebastian speaks as though Gonzalo had called it back into being.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

90 *Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Alon. Aye.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

100 *Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! aye, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
110 Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran.

Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold
head

120 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great
loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your
daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she at least is banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

130 *Seb.* You were kneeled to and importuned
otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have
lost your son,
I fear, forever: Milan and Naples have
Moe¹ widows in them of this business' making

¹ This is the form of which *more* is the comparative. In Shakespeare's time it was almost obsolete and is not found often; once in V., i., 234.

Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
140 And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord, —

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I
do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by con-
traries

150 Execute all things; ¹ for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate:
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

¹ This speech of Gonzalo's, meant merely to divert the king from his grief, is an illustration of the turn that men's minds took in Shakespeare's day toward the imagining of ideal forms of society, like the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, some little while before. This particular imagination is thought to have been suggested by a passage in Montaigne's "Essays," which Shakespeare may have had in Florio's translation.

And use of service, none: contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation: all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth for-
160 gets the beginning.¹

Gon. All things in common nature should
produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
170 To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, — do you mark me, sir?

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing
to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did

¹ Gonzalo in his interest at the end, has forgotten his beginning. Shakespeare does not seem to have had much faith in such scheming: when he presents the populace in his plays, it is commonly as light-headed and unreasonable as in *Julius Cæsar*.

it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue and laugh
180 at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me
190 asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except ALON., SEB., and ANT.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find

They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your
rest
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[ALONSO sleeps. *Erit* ARIEL.]

200 *Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropped as by a thunder-stroke. What
might.

Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee,
and

My strong imagination sees a crown
210 Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

²²⁰ *Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on:

²³⁰ The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earthed, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope

240 That he's undrowned.

Ant.

O, out of that "no hope"

What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with
me

That Ferdinand is drowned?

Seb.

He's gone.

Ant.

Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb.

Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that
dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from
Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post —

250 The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that — from whom
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

Seb.

What stuff is this! how say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant.

A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel

260 Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seized them ; why, they were no
worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this
For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

270 *Seb.* Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune ?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True :
And look how well my garments sit upon me ;
Much feater than before : my brother's servants
Were then my fellows ; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience ?

Ant. Aye, sir ; where lies that ? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper : but I feel not
This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,
280 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches
of it,
Can lay to bed forever ; whiles you, doing thus,

To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;
290 They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest :
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together ;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.
[*They talk apart.*]

Re-ënter ARIEL, invisible

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger
That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth —
300 For else his project dies — to keep them living.
[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy

His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware :

Awake, awake !

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king. [*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake? Why are
you drawn?

³¹⁰ Wherefore this ghastly looking!

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
³²⁰ I shook you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes opened,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make
further search.

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island*

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make
him

By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor
pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark

Out of my way, unless he bid `em ; but

For every trifle are they set upon me ;

Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me

10 And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount

Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I

All wound with adders who with cloven tongues

Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo !

Here comes a spirit ¹ of his, and to torment me

For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat ;

Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
20 any weather at all, and another storm brewing ; I

¹ Like Miranda, Caliban does not know a man when he sees one :
he takes these two sailors for spirits.

hear it sing i' the wind : yond same black cloud,
yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it
did before, I know not where to hide my head :
yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.
What have we her ? a man or a fish ? dead or
alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very an-
cient and fish-like smell ; a kind of not of the
newest Poor-John. A strange fish ! Were I in
30 England now, as once I was, and had but this fish
painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a
piece of silver : there would this monster make a
man ; any strange beast there makes a man : when
they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar,
they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged
like a man ! and his fins like arms ! Warm, o' my
troth ! I do now let loose my opinion ; hold it
no longer ; this is no fish, but an islander, that
hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*]
40 Alas, the storm is come again ! my best way is
to creep under his gaberdine ; there is no other
shelter hereabout : misery acquaints a man with
strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the
dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing : a bottle in his hand

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore —

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral : well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

[*Sings.*]

50 The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate ;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang !
She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang !

This is a scurvy tune too : but here's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me : Oh ! ¹

Ste. What's the matter ? Have we devils here ?
60 Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of
Ind, ha ? I have not `scaped drowning to be afeared
now of your four legs ; for it hath been said, As
proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot
make him give ground ; and it shall be said so
again while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me ; Oh !

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four
legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where
the devil should he learn our language ? I will
70 give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I
can recover him and keep him tame and get to
Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor
that ever trod on neat's-leather.

¹ Caliban and Trinculo have their heads muffled so that they see nothing.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep
80 him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

90 *Trin.* I should know that voice: it should be — but he is drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

100 *Trin.* Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo — be not afeard — thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo
110 indeed! How camest thou?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they
120 be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true
130 subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man : my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf ! how does thine agree ?

140 *Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee : I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee : My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that ; kiss the book : I will furnish it anon with new contents : swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster ! I afeard of him ! A very weak monster ! The man i' the moon ! A most poor credulous
150 monster ! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth !

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island :

And I will kiss thy foot : I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster ! when 's god's asleep he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot ; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then ; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this
160 puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster ! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink : an abominable monster !

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs : I'll pluck thee berries ;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

170 *Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard !

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;

Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset ; I'll bring thee

To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels¹ from the rock. Wilt thou go with me ?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our
180 company else being drowned, we will inherit here : bear my bottle : fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*]

Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell !

Trin. A howling monster ; a drunken monster !

¹ No one knows what "scamels" are. It is delightful to have some mystery in Shakespeare left.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish :
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring ;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master : get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom,
hey-day, freedom !

Ste. O brave monster ! Lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell*

Enter FERDINAND bearing a log

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their
labor

Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious, but

The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead

And makes my labors pleasures : O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,

And he's composed of harshness. I must remove

10 Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such
baseness

Had never like executor. I forget :

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labors,
Most busy lest, when I do it.¹

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance,
unseen*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
20 Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
30 With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

¹ This is one of the most difficult passages in Shakespeare. Perhaps we have not the true words, perhaps it was hastily and incorrectly written.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected !
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning
with me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you —
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers —
What is your name ?

Mir. Miranda. — O my father,
I have broken your hest to say so !

Fer. Admired Miranda !
Indeed the top of admiration ! worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
40 I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
Have I liked several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil : but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best !

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
50 Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father : how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of ; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,

Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition

60 A prince, Miranda ; I do think a king ;
I would, not so ! — and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul
speak :

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
sound

And crown what I profess with kind event
70 If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief ! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em !

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mir. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take

What shall die to want. But this is trifling ;
80 And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cun-
ning !

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest ;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then ?

Fer. Aye, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

90 *Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't : and now
farewell

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt FER. and MIR. severally.*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

Ste. Tell not me ; when the butt is out, we will
drink water ; not a drop before : therefore bear

up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee :
10 thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

20 *Ste.* We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath
30 drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me ! wilt thou let him, my lord ?

Trin. "Lord" quoth he ! That a monster should be such a natural !

Cal. Lo, lo, again ! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head : if you prove a mutineer, — the next tree ! The
40 poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?

Ste. Marry, will I : kneel and repeat it ; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

50 *Ari.* Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou : I would my valiant master would destroy thee ! I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;
60 From me he got it. If thy greatness will

Revenge it on him, — for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not, —

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.¹

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst
thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee
asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

70 *Cal.* What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy
patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink naught but brine; for I'll not show
him

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll
80 go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats TRIN.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

¹ The plot of these absurd creatures against Prospero is a sort of contrast to the more dangerous plot of Antonio and Sebastian against Alonso.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

90 *Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,

I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,

Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them

100 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils, — for so he calls them, —
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
110 As great'st does least.

Ste.

Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Aye, lord.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter and I will be king and queen, — save our graces ! — and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo ?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand : I am sorry I beat thee ; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

120 *Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep : Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Ste. Aye, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry ; I am full of pleasure :

Let us be jocund : will you troll the catch
You taught me while-ere ?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason.

Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em ;
130 Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy

likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.

140 *Mercy upon us!*

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt
not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show
riches

150 Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by¹: I remember the
story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it,
and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I
160 could see this taborer; he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

¹ At once: the procrastination of mankind has changed the meaning, as with *presently*, IV., i., 42.

SCENE III. *Another part of the island*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir ;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your
patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attached with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drowned
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
10 Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him
go.

Ant. [*Aside to* SEB.] I am right glad that he's
so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to* ANT.] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [*Aside to* SEB.] Let it be to-night ;
For, now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to* ANT.] I say, to-night: no more.
[*Solemn and strange music.*

Alon. What harmony is this? My good friends,
hark!

Gon. Marvelous sweet music!

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several
strange Shapes bringing in a banquet; they
dance about it with gentle actions of salutation;
and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.*¹

²⁰ *Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens! What
were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.²

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travelers ne'er did
lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders —
³⁰ For, certes, these are people of the island —
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

¹ This entrance was such an opportunity for quaint costume and make-up as often occurred in Elizabethan life.

² No traveler's tales can be too absurd.

Pros. [Aside] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there
present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, ex-
pressing,
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [Aside] Praise in departing.

40 *Fran.* They vanished strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now
we find

Each putter-out of five for one¹ will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,

¹ every traveler: it was the custom of some before they went on their travels, to deposit a sum of money with some one who was to keep it if they died, and pay five times as much if they came back.

50 Although my last : no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy;
claps his wings upon the table; and, with a
quaint device, the banquet vanishes*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea,
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valor men hang and
drown

60 Their proper selves.

[ALON., SEB., etc., draw their swords.

You fools! I and my fellows

Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at
stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-min-
isters

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember—

For that's my business to you—that you three

70 From Milan did supplant good Prospero;

Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child : for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you
from —

80 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads — is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder ; then, to soft music, enter
the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and
mows, and carrying out the table*

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast
thou

Performed, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :
Of my instruction has thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms
work

And these mine enemies are all knit up
90 In their distractions ; they now are in my power ;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drowned,
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you

In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!

Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;

The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced

The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.

100 Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded

And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,

I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt* *SEB. and ANT.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their
great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,

Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you

That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly

And hinder them from what this ecstasy

May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE. I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

Pros. If I have too austere-ly punished you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live ; who once again
I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
10 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter : but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,
20 Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both : therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,

With such love as 'tis now, the mirkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
30 When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are found-
 dered,
Or Night kept chained below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her ; she is thine own.
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

Enter ARIEL

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service

Did worthily perform ; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place :
Incite them to quick motion ; for I must
40 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art : it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently ?

Pros. Aye, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say "come" and "go,"
And breathe twice and cry "so, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not
approach

50 *Till thou dost hear me call.*

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Erit.*

Pros. Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood : be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow !

Fer. I warrant you, sir ;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly !
No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent. [*Soft music.*

*Enter IRIS*¹

60 *Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease ;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep ;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,

¹ We have a masque such as was common in Elizabeth's day. A masque was a dramatic entertainment given generally in private, of a rich and gorgeous character, with elaborate scenery and costume, songs and dances. It had words also, but its poetry was (as here) rather more conventional than that of the usual drama, more decorative in effect, to borrow a figure from painting. Masques were produced on all sorts of great occasions—Milton's "Masque of Comus" celebrated the arrival of the Earl of Bridgewater at Ludlow Town—but they were especially common at weddings, as here.

Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy
 broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
70 Where thou thyself dost air ; the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain :
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES

Cer. Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
80 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither, to this short-grassed green ?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate ;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen ? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
90 Her and her blind boy's scandaled company

I have forsworn.

Iris.

Of her society

Be not afraid : I met her deity

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son

Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to
have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,

Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid

Till Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;

Mars' hot minion is returned again ;

Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,

100 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with spar-
rows

And be a boy right out.

Cer.

High'st queen of state,

Great Juno, comes ; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO

Juno. How does my bounteous sister ? Go with
me

To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be

And honored in their issue. [*They sing.*

Juno. Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,

Long continuance, and increasing,

Hourly joys be still upon you !

Juno sings her blessings on you.

110 *Cer.* Earth's increase, foison plenty,

Barns and garners never empty,

Vines with clustering bunches growing,

Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
120 To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever :
So rare a wondered father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on
employment.]

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
There's something else to do : hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

Iris. You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wind-
ring brooks,
With your sledged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
130 Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons ; Juno does command :
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry :

Make holiday ; your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they join
with the Nymphs in a graceful dance : towards
the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly and
speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and
confused noise, they heavily vanish*

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
140 Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life : the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits*] Well done !
avoid ; no more !

Fer. This is strange : your father's in some
passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed : be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
150 Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed ;
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :
160 Be not disturbed with my infirmity :
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. }
Mir. } We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee,
Ariel : come.

Enter ARIEL

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
pleasure ?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Aye, my commander : when I presented
Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared
Lest I might anger thee.

170 *Pros.* Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets ?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking ;
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their
ears,

Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music : so I charmed their ears
That calf-like they my lowing followed through
180 Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and
thorns,

Which entered their frail shins : at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*]

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
190 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-ënter ARIEL, loaded with glistering apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. *Enter*
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not
Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you, —

200 *Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore speak softly.

All's hushed as midnight yet.

Trin. Aye, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting : yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

210 *Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell : no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano ! O peer ! O worthy
220 Stephano ! look what a wardrobe here is for thee !

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash.¹

¹ Caliban is the only one who has sense to see that these glittering things are worthless, and only distract from the main aim.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone

And do the murder first: if he awake,

230 From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I
240 am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time. And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll
250 turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Aye, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark!

hark! [*CAL., STE., and TRIN. are driven out.*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make
them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari.

Hark, they roar!

260 *Pros.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this
hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies :
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,¹
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers ?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,
10 In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell ;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him that you termed, sir, "The good old lord,
Gonzalo " ;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

20 *Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art ?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

¹ It is late in the afternoon of the same day.

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
30 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel :
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari.

I'll fetch them, sir.

[*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes
and groves,¹

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back ; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
40 To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt ; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar : graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
50 By my so potent art. But this rough magic

¹ This passage should be compared with the fairy poetry of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* : that is fanciful, this is imaginative.

I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.]

*Re-ënter ARIEL before : then ALONSO, with a frantic
gesture, attended by GONZALO : SEBASTIAN
and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by
ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : they all enter the
circle which PROSPERO had made, and there
stand charmed ; which PROSPERO observing,
speaks*

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
60 Now useless, boiled within thy skull ! There stand,
For you are spell-stopped.
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a royal sir
70 To him thou follow'st ! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.

Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and
blood,

You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature ; who, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have killed your king ; I do forgive
thee,

Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
80 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me : Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell :
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan :¹ quickly, spirit ;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *sings and helps to attire him*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :

In a cowslip's bell I lie,

90 There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.

¹ once the Duke of Milan.

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain
100 Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amaze-
ment

Inhabits here : some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country !

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wrongéd Duke of Milan, Prospero :
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
110 And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
Prospero

120 Be living and be here ?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot

Be measured or confined.

Gon.

Whether this be

Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros.

You do yet taste

Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you

Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all !

[*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*] But you, my brace of

lords, were I so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you

And justify you traitors : at this time

I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros.

No.

130 *For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother*

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive

Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require

My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,

Thou must restore.

Alon.

If thou be'st Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation ;

How thou hast met us here, who three hours since

Were wrecked upon this shore ; where I have

lost —

How sharp the point of this remembrance is ! —

My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros.

I am woe for't, sir.

140 *Alon.* Irreparable is the loss, and patience

Says it is past her cure.

Pros.

I rather think

You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss !

Pros. As great to me as late ; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter ?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
150 The king and queen there ! that they were, I
wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter ?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these
lords

At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath : but howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
160 Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most
strangely

Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was
landed,

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;

This cell's my court : here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing ;
170 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle !

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merci-
ful ;

I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*

Alon. Now all the blessings
180 Of a glad father compass thee about !
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

Mir. O, wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't !

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast
at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :
Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal ;

But by immortal Providence she's mine :

190 I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Received a second life ; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers :

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

Pros. There, sir, stop :

Let us not burthen our remembrance with
200 A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown !

For it is you that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue

Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice

Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis
210 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his duke-
dom

In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [To FER. and MIR.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

*Re-ënter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?

220 *Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?*

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found

Our king and company; the next, our ship —
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split —
Is tight and yare and bravely rigged as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [Aside to PROS.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [Aside to ARI.] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
330 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And — how we know not — all clapped under
hatches;
Where but even now with strange and several
noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
240 And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was't well done?

Pros. [*Aside to ARI.*] Bravely, my diligence.
Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at picked leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every

250 These happened accidents ; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to ARI.*]

Come hither, spirit :

Set Caliban and his companions free ;

Untie the spell. [*Exit ARI.*] How fares my
gracious sir ?

There are yet missing of your company

Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-ënter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
no man take care for himself ; for all is but for-
tune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio !

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
260 head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed !
How fine my master is ! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha !

What things are these, my lord Antonio ?
Will money buy 'em ?

Ant. Very like ; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my
lords,

Then say if they be true. This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong

270 That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.

These three have robbed me ; and this demi-devil —
For he's a bastard one — had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own ; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinched to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now : where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe : where
should they

280 Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw
you last that, I fear me, will never out of my
bones : I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but
a cramp.

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.

[*Pointing to CALIBAN.*

290 *Pros.* He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Aye, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool !

Pros. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* CAL., STE., and TRIN.]

³⁰⁰ *Pros.* Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night ; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away ; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized ;
³¹⁰ And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to* ARI.] My Ariel
chick,

That is thy charge : then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well ! Please you, draw
near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint : now, 'tis true,
I must here be confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell ;
But release me from my bands
10 With the help of your good hands :
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
20 Let your indulgence set me free.

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